Should the Protestants unite?

A PANEL DISCUSSION

COVER: Dog trials at Frobisher, Sask.

How business is fighting for the teen-age dollar

WHAT THE PIPELINE WILL DO FOR CANADA

MACLEAN'S

SEPTEMBER 14 1957 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

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MACLEAN'S

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ What the Queen will wear on Canadian trip
- ✓ Brother André Canada's first saint?
- ✓ Echoes of the past—liquor sold in drugstores

THE QUEEN may wear a slim sheath dress instead of her usual full-skirted fashions for her Canadian visit. Norman Hartnell, the Royal dressmaker, predicts the Queen may continue with this style because it was so successful during her Paris trip.

THE FIRST LINE of quality Canadian paperbacks ($1.00 each) will be published this fall under the McClelland and Stewart imprint. At least twenty Canadian titles will eventually be issued, starting with **Morley Callaghan's** Such Is My Beloved, **F. P. Grove's** Over Prairie Trails, **Stephen Leacock's** Literary Lapses and **Sinclair Ross'** As for Me and My House.

THE FIRST NATIVE CANADIAN raised to sainthood will probably be Brother André, the son of a Quebec carpenter, who founded St. Joseph's Shrine in Montreal. The case for beatification will be heard by the Sacred Congregation of Rites at Rome this winter, to be followed by canonization. Brother André died at 92 in 1937. Originally a porter at Notre Dame College, he built a crude chapel on the slope of Mount Royal where his prayers were held responsible for cures.

YOUR 78 r.p.m. records may soon be collectors' items. Just nine months ago 78 r.p.m. discs were outselling 45s eight-to-one; now their bulge is only three-to-one and record companies are betting 78s here will follow the U.S. trend into the "negligible" column. The 45s are running away with the market on both cost (about 87 cents compared with 98 cents for 78s) and quality. The 33 1/3 r.p.m. remains standard for most musical selections not in the "pop"-tune category.

LIQUOR WILL SOON BE officially sold in a few Canadian drugstores. Manitoba plans experiments with liquor sales through pharmacists in remote communities not large enough to support separate liquor outlets. The druggists will be appointed by the provincial cabinet and paid on a monthly commission basis.

PETROLEUM GEOLOGISTS are excited about two new Alberta oil strikes at Innisfail, seventy miles north of Calgary, and Harmattan, fifty-five miles northwest of Calgary, where Shell Oil has made an important strike at 8,500 ft. Optimists say the Innisfail field has a greater pay zone than either Leduc or Redwater and forecast the field may eventually support thirteen hundred producing wells.

THE WAR-FAMOUS BAILEY BRIDGE may soon reach the end of its road. It's due to be replaced in the British army by easily transportable piers. A 400-foot Bailey bridge requires 120 truckloads of equipment and 360 engineers. The pier bridge can span the same distance in less time with 26 ten-ton trucks and 120 engineers.

PREVIEWING THE WEATHER — COOL DAYS ARE COMING:
The last half of September will be good football weather in most parts of Canada, but fans should take plenty of blankets to the games. Here are details for the period Sept. 16 to Sept. 30 prepared for Maclean's by the Weather Engineering Corporation of Canada.

THE MARITIMES: It will be wetter than usual with most of the rain falling between Sept. 19 and Sept. 21. Cooler than normal temperatures will drop the most on Sept. 28.

ONTARIO & QUEBEC: Less rainfall than average, but storms between Sept. 20 and Sept. 22 and Sept. 28 to Sept. 29. There will be no real hot spells. Coolest days will be Sept. 19, Sept. 23 and Sept. 27.

PRAIRIES: Drier and warmer than average. The warmest days: Sept. 19, Sept. 20, Sept. 24 and Sept. 25. The coolest days, Sept. 22 and Sept. 27.

SOUTHERN B.C.: Generally dry. Sept. 18—Sept. 23 will be the warmest period, Sept. 24 the coldest day.

WATCH FOR Macdonald Mural / Birth Control Book / New Features Syndicate / Hailey Movie

Angus Macdonald (Self Portrait)

Margaret Aitken

WOMAN TO WATCH: Margaret Aitken, the Toronto Telegram's syndicated columnist and senior Conservative MP who recently took a group of Canadian tourists on a tour of Russia and has now been appointed head of a newly organized Canadian news syndicate. Tied in with the London Express, owned by her uncle Lord Beaverbrook, the news and feature agency is the outgrowth of Monitor Enterprises which publishes several Montreal weeklies.

MAN TO WATCH: Angus Macdonald, the gifted 48-year-old Toronto artist who has been commissioned to do a large lobby mural for the new Canada House in New York. The work will depict typical Canadian activities in stained glass. Artificially lighted from behind, the mural will be built by laminated construction technique.

BOOK TO WATCH: In The Dawn of Life U.S. physician **Dr. Joseph Rush** has a shock for those who oppose birth control. He says U.S. population will double by 2000 A.D. and by then man will undoubtedly begin to control the biology of his own species as he does domestic animals.

MOVIE TO WATCH: Time Lock, the English film adaptation of Arthur Hailey's Canadian TV drama which is due at Canadian theatres in October. The 73-minute movie has a Toronto setting, stars Canadian-born Robert Beatty. Maclean's film critic, Clyde Gilmour, who saw a preview screening, reports: "Hailey's story powerfully grips the emotions without once descending to the maudlin or the sensational. In the screening room where I saw the film with about twenty hardened veterans of private showings not a word was whispered until the finish.

COMEDIE CANADIENNE A 'Stratford' for Quebec

Gélinas as seen by Robert La Palme

MONTREAL'S theatre community, which has hardly recovered from the sensational success of the McGill College revue My Fur Lady, is currently buzzing with excitement about Gratien Gélinas' establishment of La Comédie Canadienne.

Gélinas, French Canada's leading character actor, is completing plans to turn an old Montreal burlesque house into a legitimate theatre which he hopes will become as important to Quebec as Stratford has become to English-speaking Canada. To open in November, the Comédie Canadienne will present most of its shows alternately in French and English.

"Canadian plays and Canadian actors will be my first interest," he says, "but not to the exclusion of non-Canadian plays and non-Canadian theatrical companies."

A unique feature of the Comédie Canadienne will be Gélinas' own remodelling of the Gaiety, a burlesque house on Montreal's St. Catherine Street, built in 1911 and closed after World War II. More than $100,000 is now being spent renovating the theatre to Gélinas' specifications. "We want a comfortable theatre," he says, "but we are avoiding frills."

The stage will reflect some of the ideas Gélinas picked up while acting at Stratford last year. It will have maximum flexibility, getting away from the conventional square opening.

Gélinas will produce most of the Comédie's plays, direct some of the presentations and star in the right roles. The financing for the theatre's remodelling has come from Dow Brewery, which bought the Gaiety for $250,000 and leased it to Gélinas at favorable terms.

OUTLOOK FOR HUNTERS Best duck season yet?

CANADIAN HUNTING prospects are the best in a decade as more than eight hundred thousand hunters invade the bush for their annual shoot this fall. Autumn bird flights will be plentiful because of the light spring frosts and provincial surveys indicate a good supply of big game.

WILDFOWL PROSPECTS: It could be Canada's best duck hunting season in history. In Alberta, Provincial Fish and Game Commissioner E. S. Huestis says the duck brood is the finest hatch in the past six years. In Saskatchewan, Saskatoon Conservation Officer Bill Hyshka reports that aerial and ground surveys show the duck picture will definitely be better than last year. In Manitoba, Bert Cartwright, chief naturalist for Ducks Unlimited, says "The waterfowl outlook for Manitoba is all good and that means the best for several years."

DEER PROSPECTS: Nova Scotia still boasts more white-tailed deer per square mile than any other part of North America. The Quebec Department of Fish and Game says the province's supply of deer looks exceptionally good this year. In the Rimouski area, bow-and-arrow hunters have an advance week from Sept. 14 to Sept. 27. C. V. Morton, an Ontario conservation officer, says "In many parts of Southern Ontario we have too many deer. It would be best for all concerned, including the deer, if many were shot." There will be an open season on female deer in parts of Alberta for the first time.

MOOSE PROSPECTS: Newfoundlanders claim their province offers the hunter the best percentage chance in the world of getting his moose. Moose have thrived on the island since they were imported early in this century.

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA
WITH BLAIR FRASER

DID PC's BLUNDER ON IMMIGRATION?

THERE may be an exception to the general rule of meekness and gentility that Liberals have imposed on themselves for the autumn session of Parliament. Even determined as they are to the soft answer that turneth away snap elections, they're sorely tempted to clobber the Conservatives on immigration.

One of the first acts of the new government was to reduce the flow of immigration and in particular to cut off the remaining Hungarian refugees. By a cabinet decision taken early in July no Hungarian may get a visa for Canada except those with close relatives able to take care of them here, or with a guarantee of immediate employment from persons known to be responsible.

This must have been grim news for the ten to fifteen thousand refugees, some in Austrian camps and some in temporary havens elsewhere, who had applied for admission to Canada but hadn't got visas when the axe fell. Since April standards of selection had been higher for non-sponsored cases, but those who had friends in Canada or contacts with welfare agencies here stood a fair chance of getting in. Now they have none.

True Canada has already done well by Hungarian refugees. More have come here than to any other country—thirty five thousand by August 15, a few more than the U.S. has taken and half as many again as Britain, the next nearest competitor. Even Austria, the good neighbor that bore the main shock of the exodus last winter, has fewer Hungarian refugees left today than Canada has taken in.

It is also true that restrictions began before the Conservatives took office. In mid-April orders went out that visas should be given only to refugees sponsored by people already in Canada, or to cases of "exceptional merit." The come-one-come-all policy of last winter was dropped for the time being, since general immigration was pointing toward a forty-three-year record and employment prospects were not as good as usual.

Jack Pickersgill, former Minister of Immigration, got a memorandum from his officials in mid-June after the election but before the Liberal government resigned. Looking back in the light of more recent events, he guesses it must have recommended further reduction or maybe even termination of the refugee program. But, says Pickersgill, the memo dealt with a policy matter. Far from making a decision on it he didn't feel entitled even to read it. He left it for his successor Davie Fulton, and told him so.

Pickersgill denies rather heatedly the suggestion that Fulton's announcement in July merely put into action an accepted Liberal policy. Not only did the Conservatives go farther than he actually went, he says they went farther than he ever intended to go. Whatever other restriction he might have applied he would not have shut the refugees out entirely. It's a fair guess, though, that the number admitted if the Liberals had survived would not be vastly greater than will come in under the Conservatives. The real contrast, and the one that tempts the Grits to perilous mockery, is between what the Tories have done and what they said they would do.

Prime Minister Diefenbaker himself, two months to the day before Davie Fulton's announcement that immigration was to be cut, made a speech to editors of the foreign language press in Toronto in which he attacked the Liberal Government for not bringing in enough immigrants. Australia, he said, had demonstrated that a healthy economy can absorb about four per cent per year of its total population and that percentage applied to Canada would bring in six hundred and forty thousand new Canadians in 1957, more than twice as many as would have arrived had the flow remained unchecked.

Davie Fulton, now Acting Minister of Immigration, had already gone on record for more immigrants. He said the St. Laurent regime was putting obstacles in their way instead of encouraging them. He thought Canada had no moral justification for such lethargy and obstruction "when we have so much room in our country." He wanted an "aggressive" immigration policy.

That was the attitude toward immigrants in general. Toward the Hungarian refugee it was even more ambitious.

Months ago when many publications (including this one) were calling the Liberal government half-hearted and red-tape bound in its refugee operation, Davie Fulton issued a statement to the press: "I believe Canada should offer immediate and unrestricted asylum to all those Hungarians whose efforts in the cause of liberty now force them to flee as homeless refugees."

Even more emphatic, and much more abusive of Ottawa's feeble efforts, were the Conservative chieftains of Ontario. Major J. S. P. Armstrong, Ontario's Agent-General in London, hurried to Vienna and loudly upbraided the Liberal niggards for their "meagre" assistance. Premier Leslie Frost said Ontario had asked Ottawa to "clear all red tape for provincial officials to Vienna," but "one of our problems is that we have no jurisdiction, we have to work with Ottawa."

Premier Frost left no doubt who was spoiling the refugee program. "Canadians cannot continue to sit on their hands," he said. "We have to be able to give leadership and that is what we are doing in organizing the movement of refugees here." W. M. Nickle, Ontario Minister of Planning and Development, made public a telegram he had sent to Pickersgill: "arrangements have been made to establish a reception centre in Toronto . . . our arrangements will include medical and nursing facilities."

Two months later Ontario's tone had changed markedly. No longer was Ottawa denounced for bringing in too few refugees too slowly. Instead Ottawa was being reproached (though privately and much more gently) for not paying a big enough share of the things Ontario was doing.

By that time Ottawa had an agreement with Saskatchewan for the sharing of costs, accepted by several other provinces and voluntary agencies. It was not good enough for Ontario. Ontario suggested, officially and formally, that it would be fair if Ottawa paid seventy-five per cent of the cost of the Ontario refugee program and Ontario twenty-five per cent. Pickersgill said fine, if he could include the cost of bringing them out and split the whole thing. That's as far as negotiations ever got.

All this is contained in a heap of correspondence tabled in the House of Commons at the last session. Then with the election coming up and the refugees out of the news, it didn't attract much attention. The Liberals would love a chance to revive it.

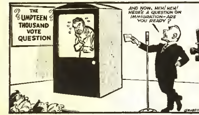
They know of course that they won't win many votes by making a fuss about a cut in immigration. Liberals are convinced even more than the Conservatives are coming to be that Canadian voters don't really like immigration, they just think they do. If the Grits are looking forward to their argument with Davie Fulton it's partly because they have so little to argue about.

For one thing they're afraid to offer anything that John Diefenbaker could possibly magnify into a challenge. Even though the best campaigning weather will be over, the odds would still favor the Tories in an early, sudden election. Both sides know it. It will be government strategy to be provocative, opposition strategy to be tolerant and soft-spoken.

But aside from these tactical considerations the Liberals are in a delicate spot anyway. They are the prisoners of their own past. If they urge any new course of action on the new government the obvious rejoinder is "why didn't you do this yourselves? You had twenty-two years to think of it."

The safest way out of this difficulty is to use the method of Socrates—don't tell people, ask them. The government's front bench will be made up of men who have only a few months' acquaintance with the departments they are running, and in some cases only a few weeks. Immigration itself, a difficult and complicated chore, has been all summer in the hands of an acting minister who also carries the large load of justice. Another back-breaker, agriculture, was piled on top of northern affairs.

To such a tenderfoot cabinet the question period each day will be an ordeal. The Liberals who will be asking the questions will have a far better idea of the answers than the harried men who must produce them. Merely asking questions, especially if they're made to sound innocent and fact-seeking, can hardly be a pretext for a snap election. But if it goes on long enough it might have some effect on the result when the election does come. ★


THE UMPTEEN THOUSAND VOTE QUESTION
AND NOW, HEH! HEH! HERE'S A QUESTION ON IMMIGRATION—ARE YOU READY?
GRASSICK

BACKSTAGE WITH UNCLE LOUIS

The faithful Indian confidential messenger who works for St. Laurent

WHEN Louis St. Laurent vacated the Prime Minister's office he took with him a few assorted personal items: a key to Granby, Que., an ashtray commemorating the Atlantic cable opened last year, a torah given him by the chief rabbi of Israel, a swastika-handled letter opener souvenir of the Hitler war—and Alderic Groslouis, 72, the Huron Indian who has been his confidential messenger since 1941.

Louis as he is known, was born on Loretteville Reservation near Quebec City, came to Ottawa fifty years ago as a coachman and switched to chauffeuring for the late Hon. Ernest Lapointe. The Indian became messenger to St. Laurent when he joined Mackenzie King's cabinet. He has met more of the celebrities who called on "the boss" in a decade but unlike many old retainers he does not pretend to have had any revealing conversations with the great. When he fetched Sir Winston Churchill's special brand of cigars from the Chateau Laurier's smokeshop, all he got from the famous Briton was a grunted "Nice day today."

More gratifying was his recognition by Prime Minister Nehru when Groslouis accompanied St. Laurent on his world trip in 1954. Nehru had previously met Louis on a visit to Canada in 1949. The highlight of the round-the-world trip—indeed one of Groslouis' proudest moments—was when the plane crossed the equator en route to Japan and the boss presented him with a cake and a bottle of champagne. It was Louis' sixty-ninth birthday.

Uncle Louis' faithful Louis

Between confidential messages, Groslouis' role, when the boss was Prime Minister, was to keep unauthorized visitors from getting into the private inner office. There were RCMP guards on hand if needed but the Indian seldom had to call on them. "Be nice to people and jolly them up," was Louis' recipe for sending visitors away happy.

Groslouis accepts the defeat philosophically. "Mr. Diefenbaker is a nice man," he says. "I met him on Wellington Street after the election, shook hands with him and wished him good luck."

Louis plans to stick as close to the old routine as possible now that he's confidential messenger to the Leader of the Opposition: arrive half an hour before the boss at his office, see that everything is neat and do private errands like picking up a pack of St. Laurent's favorite (Craven A) cigarettes. "Things will be a lot quieter," concedes Groslouis, "at least until we get back into office again." — KLAUS NEUMANN

Backstage WITH THE QUEEN'S VISIT / The press will swamp you with news

BEHIND the scenes preparations for the Queen's October visit to Ottawa are gradually mobilizing the largest army of newsmen ever to invade the nation's capital.

Officials have approved plans for more than six hundred reporters, photographers and radio and TV commentators to follow the Royal couple's daily activities. The hundred-member Parliamentary Press Gallery is to be reinforced by one hundred and twenty-five Canadian reporters, forty U.S. newsmen and about a hundred foreign correspondents mainly from Commonwealth countries.

Some of Canada's private radio and TV outlets have planned their own coverage but most stations expect to use CBC facilities provided by a crew of one hundred and twenty-five TV and radio commentators and technicians.

Insiders say the resultant outpouring of news copy from Ottawa will be an avalanche comparable to that which followed the birth of the quintuplets in 1934. The role of the press is considered to be so important that of the five hundred visitors the Senate Chamber can hold during the official Parliament opening ceremonies one hundred seats have been reserved for newsmen. Ten cameramen are to be admitted to the Senate chamber, but their flash cameras must be blimped and noiseless.

The Department of External Affairs has made arrangements for setting up a huge newsroom in the Convention Hall of the Chateau Laurier Hotel and has chartered special press buses to take reporters along the Royal route. Orders have gone out that no cameraman will be allowed closer than twelve feet to Her Majesty and reporters are being strictly instructed not to talk to the Royal couple unless addressed first.

Probably the paragraph in the Department of External Affairs instructions to correspondents covering the event which is causing the greatest flap is a rigid ruling on what reporters and photographers will have to wear. The casual informality preferred by many press people is out. "The correct dress for those working in close proximity to the Royal Party," state the Department's instructions, "is a business suit with shirt and necktie."

A press airlift is being organized to race newsmen to the U.S. ahead of the Queen when she leaves Ottawa for Washington.

Backstage WITH MUSIC / Jazz becomes a booming, swinging business in Canada

WHO'D have believed that Canada, thought of by foreigners and often by ourselves, as a staid and frigid country, would become one of the world's great centres of hot jazz? Yet that's exactly what's happening. Jazz musicians are flocking north of the border to garner as much as $14,000 a week—big money even on New York terms. Canadian jazz musicians are touring the world. One Canadian city, Montreal, now has 200 nightclubs, more than Chicago and Los Angeles combined, most of them dedicated to jazz in one form or another. And it looks as if a Canadian jazz festival may become the biggest on the continent.

Eydie Gorme: coming to Toronto

Here are the developments.

◆ Jazz is the only kind of music that makes money at Stratford. The Festival's planners are seriously considering replacing last season's week-end two-night stands with two solid weeks of modern music to make long pilgrimages of jazz enthusiasts worthwhile. This would give Stratford the longest jazz festival on the continent—Newport's only lasts a week.

◆ Canadian jazzmen such as Oscar Peterson and trumpeter Maynard Ferguson have become big names in the U.S. Peterson has toured Europe with the Jazz at the Philharmonic concerts and this winter Bill Goddard, a Toronto tenor sax player, plans to take a Canadian quartet to the continent.

◆ Canadian night clubs are now recognized as a big spoke in the international entertainment wheel and hire many jazz stars at professional fees comparable to the best U.S. bookings. "Names get paid as well in Canada as anywhere else outside Las Vegas," says Joe Saxe, owner of Ottawa's Gatineau Club.

Fall bookings include such jazz greats as Count Basie and Louis Armstrong at the Brant Inn at Burlington, Ont.; Oscar Peterson, vocalist Mel Torme and saxophonist Charlie Ventura at Campbell's in London, Ont.; singers Ella Fitzgerald and Eydie Gorme, and sax player Stan Getz in various Toronto night spots.

"Satchmo" blows for our dollars

Background

- ✓ **Do-it-yourself psychiatry**
- ✓ **Canadian bullfighting swords**
- ✓ **More civil service pay raises**

Psychiatrists have worked out do-it-yourself techniques designed to help neurotics ventilate their conflicts. Self analysis procedures include:

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL METHOD. Make an impersonal study in writing of your life. Describe your relationships with family and friends, your attitudes toward life, your sex life, your habits, likes and dislikes.

THE QUESTIONNAIRE METHOD. Make your own list of questions pertaining to your life's problems. Write out the answers to each question.

THE FREE ASSOCIATION METHOD. Write down all the thoughts that come to your mind. This amounts to purging your soul on paper.

The number of Canadians employed in domestic service is only half the 1931 total although Canada's population has since increased by two thirds. The latest DBS census (which still includes one category called "flunkey") shows only eighty-three thousand servants, many of them part time.

Spanish bullfighters have a new weapon: swords made of Canadian aluminum. Bullfight officials recently permitted use of the lighter sword instead of the traditional steel sabre for matadors who have had their strokes weakened by past arm injuries.

Plagued by mosquitoes, Manitoba communities are calling on nuclear science to find out where they come from—and go to. They're not noted travelers, but scientists believe this summer's hordes did fly in from areas untouched by anti-mosquito sprays. They're going to feed captive mosquitoes radioactive phosphorus dissolved in sugared water and track them with geiger counter and scintillometer to learn how far they fly. That way they can calculate their source.

Now that the pay increase for the medium and lower echelons of Ottawa's civil service has gone through, the expensive help—those currently getting $10,000 a year and up—are getting set to demand a raise too.

West German businessmen are quietly searching Canada for an opportunity to buy into an existing steel fabricating plant which they could expand into primary production. A. V. Roe Canada Ltd. balked their attempt to buy into Algoma and Dosco with its own expansion plans. Alfried Krupp is becoming interested in Labrador and Newfoundland iron-ore deposits and Montreal port officials admit that foreign steel interests have made serious enquiries about huge land and harbor space along the Seaway.

Used cars and trucks are being scrapped so fast in Canada that you can soon expect more of the countryside to be marred by vehicle graveyards. Last year 151,541 cars and 12,977 trucks were consigned to garbage dumps. Since the war 1.2 million old and battered vehicles have permanently left Canadian roads. ★

Editorial

We're not helping the Queen by stifling her critics

The most disturbing thing to us about Lord Altrincham's recent criticism of the Queen is not what he said about the palace enclave but what his critics said about him. In recent years several students of the British form of constitutional monarchy have pointed out that it has been at its healthiest when it was subject to public criticism and when the public accepted that criticism as a matter of course. Thus in Queen Victoria's day and in Edward VII's critics were vociferous and we owe some of the changes in the monarchy to the fact that the wisest of them were heard.

Alas this seems no longer to be the case. Today no one dares to raise his voice on the subject unless he is prepared to face a storm of vituperation.

The Yorkshire Post commented, somewhat ambiguously, that Altrincham had become "the central figure of the silly season" but the silliest actions seem to have been taken by his critics, notably the professional agitator who slapped his face and the magistrate who, in awarding him a token fine, managed to give the impression that all of Britain applauded this breach of the peace.

In all the caterwauling that has been heard over Lord Altrincham two major points have been largely ignored. The first is that he is neither a radical nor a sensationalist but a strong Tory and an ardent Royalist, genuinely concerned with the present state of the monarchy. The second is that there is a good deal to what he says, no matter how intemperately he may have said it. No one has a right to demand that the monarch must be a great public speaker. But it implies neither disloyalty nor unreasonableness to ask that the stilted phrases of her prepared speeches be scrapped and replaced with words that at least aspire to dignity and freshness. To suggest the Queen needs new ghost writers is disloyal to no one more important or sacrosanct than her old ghost writers.

But of course it is not the indifferent royal rhetoric that is at the root, really, of the sort of anxiety Altrincham has expressed. What is more disturbing is the stubborn resistance to change that has been a crowning feature of the court circle that surrounds her. The secret of the British royal family has been its ability to reflect the times and to remain elastic enough to move with them. Victoria gave her name to an age which she symbolized and so, in quite a different age, did Edward VII. Today, as Lord Altrincham points out, the monarchy has become popular and multiracial; it has moved closer to the people but the court has not moved with it. This is why he is so insistent about the very important matter of personal communion between the Queen and her subjects, and this is why we are so concerned about those critics whose only reaction has been one of anger and scorn.

We hold with the embattled but unrepentant peer when he says, quite sincerely, that "Those of us who believe that the monarchy can survive and play an even more beneficial part are not content while needless errors go uncorrected. The monarchy cannot afford to miss any chances now, nor can its devotees afford to stand idly by while they honestly think it is missing its chances."

Mailbag

- ✔ Women are spiritual, trusting and gullible
- ✔ Baxter: careless, masterly or insignificant?
- ✔ Luring tourist trade to the Canadian Arctic

Protesting the libelous article by Robert Thomas Allen, Women are Crooks (Aug. 17): I wish to refute almost every statement with the exception of "debt to the government." The government, consisting of all males, exploits women, keeps them in subordinate positions, dominates and tyrannizes them, so that I am definitely on the side of women who put up a fuss about paying them anything. We are not represented in government; we do not have a controlling voice.

On the whole women are decidedly more spiritual, trusting and gullible than men. Therefore the article is ONLY a mere men's point of view and far from the truth. —MRS. DOROTHY HEWITT WHITE, VICTORIA.

Garner got him

Your Aug. 17 number is the best you have had for a long time. Hugh Garner's Why Don't My Fellow Snobs Get Wise? is worth a number of readings. —LORNE JOHNSTON, HAMILTON.

Bax's friends and foes

Beverley Baxter's London Letter on the Commonwealth conference (Aug. 17) is indeed a masterpiece. —NIAH E. SKIDMORE, WINNIPEG.

✔ the article is very insignificant, but overtimed and overdone. —G. L. REID, NAPANEE, ONT.

✔ I can only think journalist Baxter is becoming so entangled in a British sense that his ties with Canada, which allow him to speak as one who knows Canadians, are slipping away. He is very careless in stating that the Liberals were given the heave-ho by sensible Canadians because they did not support Britain's excesses in the Suez crisis. The Canadian [illegible] in this case are not so Commonwealth minded. —L. F. BELLEFLEINER, SASKATOON.

The future of Uncle Louis

I must remark that I think Blair Fraser's remarks in regard to the appointment of a governor-general (Backstage, Aug. 17) are in very poor taste. He suggests that the job should be made a matter of party political advantage. St. Laurent might well become governor-general for reasons of his outstanding character and service to his country, but to suggest that he should be appointed because it would help the Conservative party to gain favor with Quebec Liberal voters is dragging the office in the mire. —J. S. PROCTER, OTTAWA.

✔ I was always led to believe the reigning monarch must be of the Protestant faith and the governor-general must be of the same faith. If this is true I do not see how Mr. St. Laurent can fit into the picture. If we have got to change all former acts and regulations to humor Quebec it is time for a halt. —WILLIAM S. BOWER, OSGOODE, ONT.

With love from Kentville

Greetings to D. Fuller, Kentville, N.S., as a true Canadian. From her Mailbag (Aug. 3) letter we learn that she and Nova Scotians generally love all the people (of various national origins) who make Canada. Let us have [illegible] doing the same. —FATHER WPL C. TURNEY, WINNIPEG.

Our Preview prophets

The long-range forecasts by the Weather Engineering Corporation of Canada (see page 2) are much appreciated. I sincerely trust you will continue to publish them throughout the whole year. —THOMAS N. FLATT, [illegible]

Rough it and like it

Referring to the far north's tourist value (Preview, Aug. 17) you state there's no place in the Arctic a tourist can be comfortable. I wonder if the tourist wants to be comfortable? If he is intrigued enough to go in the first place chances are he will be fascinated by the different landscape and climate, the chance to learn about the everyday life of the natives. I feel that properly exploited the north has great tourist potential. —H. LAFFER, NORTH BAY, ONT.

How to cook black bass

Father Athol Murray's Most Memorable Meal (black bass) in your July 6 issue was fascinating. It is heartening to know that the "master camper" Edward Renouf had little more success than I in making an Indian twig fire, for when the party came ashore "great clumps of fireweed in purple and gold" welcomed them, yet before the luscious black bass was ready to eat the tinder blazed triumphantly. That's just about as long as it takes the average camper to cook a meal over a twig fire. —WALTER J. GILBERT, WALLA WALLA, WASH.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 113

EVEN THE KIDS ENJOY 'HOMEWORK' WITH THE

GENERAL ELECTRIC CLEANER AND POLISHER PAIR!

The whole family's getting into the act with the new General Electric house-cleaning pair.

Just look at the new G-E Swivel Top Cleaner. You never *lift* it—it rolls from room to room. You *never move* it to clean the living room—the top turns as you go around. There's a new exclusive Double Action Cleaning Unit—plus the king-size throw-away bag, flexible vinyl hose, super powerful motor and 8 interlocking attachments.

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How to help your child have a better school year

"Good-bye Mom." Mothers will hear this familiar farewell daily during the school months ahead when about three million children start or return to their classrooms, including 400,000 youngsters entering school for the first time.

Is there anything you can do to help your child get the best possible start in school? Yes, there is. You can take him to your family doctor now — *before school opens* — for a thorough check-up.

Although your child may seem to be in tiptop physical condition, he could have some totally unexpected impairment which might lower his school marks or cause unnecessary absences.

For example, slight defects in seeing and hearing can handicap a child in his studies and other school activities. Therefore, eyes and ears should be examined.

You may also find your doctor's advice helpful in improving your child's general health. Is there room for improvement in his diet? Are his habits of play, sleep and exercise all right? Parents should remember that poor health habits can lead to physical and emotional troubles and the sooner they are corrected, the better.

Protection against certain health hazards is necessary when a child starts or returns to school. So be sure to have your child's immunization record reviewed ... and brought up to date if necessary.

If you are not certain about his protection against smallpox, diphtheria, whooping cough, tetanus and polio, now is the time to see your doctor and be sure of these safeguards. It is most important to comply with the school's requirements regarding vaccinations and inoculations.

Teen-age boys and girls, as well as younger children, benefit from regular pre-school check-ups. Physical adjustments, weight variations and emotional upsets — all these and similar problems are matters which parents may not understand too well.

So why not get your doctor's help *now*? Advice based on sound medical knowledge may prevent or clear up many difficulties of the school year. Your child's visit to him can help assure healthy, happy school days.

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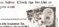

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The cover

Top dog in the Border International Field Trials run off each year in the two weeks after Labor Day at Frobisher, Sask., wins about $1,000 for showing the best form in "pointing" prairie chickens. **Franklin Arbuckle** painted six of the 200-odd entries.

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'International' Reports to Maclean's Readers

CANADA'S HIGHWAY EXPANSION PROGRAM

During the next 25 years, two thousand dollars will be spent on road building for every Canadian now alive.

In the next 25 years, Canada will invest $30 billion on its roads, streets and highways. This enormous bill is another evidence of the vitality of the Canadian economy. To a far greater degree than anyone could foresee a decade ago, Canada's is an intensely motorized economy.

Within the next quarter century, Canada's automobile population will jump by between 125% and 160%, and the number of trucks will increase by almost the same percentage. Clearly, stupendous demands will be placed upon highway administrators, engineers and builders in the years ahead.

Currently underway are projects that, in the fiscal year 1957-58, will cost an estimated $750 million. The money will be spent in a wide variety of ways, from city streets to northern development roads. Further work on the Trans Canada Highway is slated for high priority. Maintenance of existing roads consumes a good part of the total budget, with Ontario, for example, allocating $48 million to this purpose.

Elimination of Bottlenecks is one important aim of highway engineers. Multi-lane, limited access highways are probably the best answer to this problem. Trans-city expressways, such as the 4 now planned or underway in one of Canada's largest cities, are absolutely essential to break the log jam of urban and suburban traffic.

Safer Highways is another integral part of the planning. Modern, safe highways, with elaborate clover-leaf exchanges and overpasses replacing level intersections, are more expensive by far than conventional roads. However, the cost in lives and money of Canada's 200,000 major and minor accidents in 1956 makes it clear that *any* investment will represent an incalculable saving.

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The years ahead offer Canada unprecedented prosperity. If we are to realize this potential to the full, it is essential that our streets, roads and highways keep pace with the demands of our increasingly complex motorized economy. Because highway expansion is so vital, every citizen should support the Canadian Good Roads Association and the government in their drive for more roads, better roads, and safer roads today and in the years ahead.

INTERNATIONAL
CONSTRUCTION EQUIPMENT DIVISION
International Harvester Company of Canada Limited, Hamilton, Ontario

[illegible] 175 Payscraper and the TD-24 Tractor are [illegible] of the modern construction equipment that makes [illegible] the vast highway building pro[illegible] [illegible]

September

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For the sake of argument

DR. ROBERT W. BROCKWAY SAYS

We're being bullied by the Christians

When I was a student at Columbia University I became for a time a practicing Buddhist and joined a temple. Nearly all of my fellow worshippers were *nisei* (Japanese Americans) and many of them like myself came from the Hawaiian Islands. *Nisei* soldiers from Camp Kilmer used to drop in from time to time and several of them told us that the United States Army was doing everything in its power to persuade them to abandon their Buddhism and become Christians. "They order us to attend Protestant chapel services," one of them told me "and we go and sing the hymns and listen but we're still Buddhists."

I do not know how general these experiences were. The American army is usually quite careful to respect religious beliefs, and indeed efforts were actually made to find Buddhist priests who would serve as chaplains to the *nisei* soldiers. The main fact however that at least some attempt was made to pressure Buddhists into the abandonment of their religion is proof enough that religious intolerance is a live issue on the North American continent. What lies behind it, I think, is the assumption that this is a Christian society. People with religious beliefs which are other than Christian are usually tolerated to be sure but they are not accorded the respect they deserve nor are their rights taken sufficiently into consideration.

I challenge this assumption that Canada is a Christian country and I also challenge the right of the Christian churches to impose their views and their ways of doing things upon all of us. I do this with all due respect to the Christian faith and to its adherents and without any desire to malign anyone's religious convictions. The churches have every right to impose their beliefs upon the members of their own communions, but I question their right to impose religious beliefs and practices upon society as a whole by means of usurping the power of the state and using public funds.

To consider the first point: it is true that ninety five percent of the Canadian population list themselves as being members of one or another of the Christian communions when the census taker calls. There is plenty of symbolic recognition of the Christian faith as exemplified in the practice of opening and closing parliament with Christian prayer. There is also the inescapable fact that historically speaking Christianity is an inextricable part of our Anglo French heritage and that the Christian churches play an enormous role in our national life. Still, when all is said and done none of these things actually proves that we are a Christian society in anything but name.

The huge statistical membership accorded the six major denominations by the census takers represents almost nothing by way of actual church membership and even this reflects only a most exaggerated picture of it, for as every clergyman is only too well aware, a very large proportion of the members on his rolls are exceedingly nominal. By the time one has accounted for the vast number of people who join a church for no other reason than social prestige or business contacts the number of genuine Christians has diminished to a very small minority.

The practicing Christian who understands his faith and attempts to apply it in daily life is a rare bird indeed these days. I do not have the statistics of actual church membership (and am not sure that they exist) but it was recently stated at an annual meeting of social workers and clergy in Hamilton that nearly eighty percent of the people in

continued on page 99

DR. BROCKWAY IS MINISTER AT HAMILTON'S FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH

For other views on contemporary religion, see page 16.

Have fun this summer?

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London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Britain's cautious affair with Moscow

There are times when something that seems unimportant will throw a light on dark spaces. Such was the case a short time ago when I saw an announcement that a theatrical company from Moscow was to play six weeks in London. The nature of the performance would be what you in Canada would call vaudeville and what we in Britain would describe as music hall.

Surprisingly the announcement informed us that the opening week would be in the vast suburban music hall of Streatham and that the season would consist of similar appearances in other suburbs. In other words, the Russians were to play in the outskirts of London and would not penetrate the theatre land of the West End. Thus the noble army of London's dramatic critics had to travel on the opening night into *terra incognita*. However with a nice sense of occasion they left their dinner jackets at home and turned up in day dress, like the rest of us. Incidentally there was not a vacant seat in the house for Russia is an enigma that all of us want to understand.

BRITAIN'S Sir Malcolm Sargent won cheers leading Red orchestras

The young women on the stage were lovely to look upon, modest and graceful with nothing more revealing than an ankle peeping from beneath a long skirt. There were the female baritones blaring about love way down South or shrieking about someone being their man. The jugglers

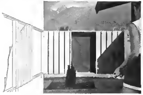
continued on page 104

RUSSIA'S famed Bolshoi ballet company—here limbering up for a London performance—is a symbol of the growing cultural exchange

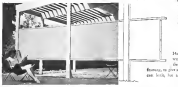
Fir plywood screens let you live outdoors

There's intimate privacy without confinement in screened outdoor areas. Living takes on a new freedom when conventional rooms are extended into the garden areas. Douglas fir plywood, with its large, unbroken surfaces offers simplified construction and limitless design possibilities. Bonded with completely waterproof glue, it will stand up to all weathers. Your lumber dealer has complete information and stocks.

Full advantage of large panels of fir plywood is taken in this screen wall. A single panel of solid white highlights the general finish of creosote base stain. Panels are attached to a simple frame of 2 x 3's capped with 2 x 6 inch planks.



This simply built fence cuts off the middle distance, without obscuring the mountain panorama beyond. Panels are alternated on inside and outside, and battens are attached to the face. Posts are 4 x 4, with 2 x 4 rails.



Horizontal placement of these panels conforms with long, low lines of the home. Panels on this screen are attached to both sides of light framing, to give a solid permanent appearance. Such additions cost little, but add a lot to value, appearance and utility.

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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
A MACLEAN'S PANEL

SHOULD THE PROTESTANT CHURCHES UNITE?

"The kind of unity which we seek is the bringing together of the traditions and the heritages of many churches for a richer, greater whole ... But it will be difficult."

Five leading clergymen discuss with three laymen such questions as divorce, Billy Graham, temperance and the Lord's Day Act as they examine in this tape-recorded report for Maclean's what divides and what unites them: See next page

The clergymen: "People are scared when we talk about unity. They confuse unity with uniformity." The laymen: "If union comes, what kind of church will we have?"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER CURTIN

PIERRE BERTON
EDITOR

RALPH MILLS
LAWYER

ANNE FRANCIS
JOURNALIST

Ever since the Reformation, the hundreds of Christian sects that are usually grouped under the name of Protestant have thought with a mixture of yearning and suspicion of something called Unity. Against the single and unarguable doctrine of Roman Catholicism these Protestant churches have been confronted everywhere and constantly with evidence that in this singleness the Roman Catholics have attained a strength or an attitude and semblance of strength that they, the Protestants, lack.

For the past fifty years, the movement toward union has been growing among the Protestants and in the last two decades it has accelerated as the accompanying box indicates. At the end of the nineteenth century there were some six hundred Protestant sects. Today because of mergers such as the one that produced the United Church of Canada in 1925, there are only about half that number.

This month, at Oberlin, Ohio, forty-three major Protestant church bodies, including eight from Canada, are holding a conference on the subject of unity—the first of its kind in North America. With this background in mind Maclean's recently asked the representatives of the five largest Protestant denominations in Canada to take part in a tape-recorded discussion on the same subject. The churches represented were the United Church of Canada, the Church of England in Canada, the Presbyterian Church, the Baptist Federation and the Lutheran Church.

As might be expected Dr. James S. Thomson, the Moderator of the United Church, was the most enthusiastic supporter of union. He summed up what might be termed the "pro" side of the argument, as far as Canada is concerned, with these words:

"Our country is in a very rapid state of development — economically, socially, politically, and in a sense culturally. I think this should find a religious and a spiritual expression. I have a rather profound feeling that we're bedeviled to a certain extent by what I call ecclesiastical colonialism. In a sense that we've all inherited from other parts of the world ecclesiastical traditions that we go on perpetuating. There is a need for some kind of corporate expression in the midst of our national life of what I might call a unified spiritual witness—something that can speak as a church in Canada to the people of Canada. We have talked about the growth of indigenous churches in India and in Africa and in China and in all parts of the world. Are we never to talk about an indigenous church in Canada that will have its roots in this country?"

Not all of the other clergy on the panel agreed entirely with Dr. Thomson, as their brief remarks, edited from the tape recorder, show:

Dr. R. S. K. Seeley, Provost of Trinity College, Toronto, Anglican: "I'm not quite convinced of the desirability of a national church. I think you might easily replace ecclesiastical colonialism with ecclesiastical nationalism."

Rev. Ross K. Cameron, Dovercourt Presbyterian Church, Toronto: "Sometimes it can be sinful to try to organize the spirit of God."

Dr. J. B. McDormand, General Secretary-Treasurer, the Baptist Federation of Canada: "Any possibility of organic union will depend upon the exercise of practical forms of co-operation as an intermediate step. We can't jump directly from here to there."

Dr. Otto W. Heik, Professor of Systematic Theology, Evangelical Lutheran Seminary of Canada, Waterloo, Ont.: "My experience indicates that there can be no union."

Although no prospects of immediate church union in Canada exist at present, some form of further Protestant co-operation is perhaps closer than these necessarily brief sentences suggest. During the discussion it was evident that Provost Seeley, speaking for the Church of England, was receptive to the idea of union, while Mr. Cameron, the Presbyterian, and Dr. McDormand, the Baptist, might be described as at least lukewarm. Only Dr. Heik, of the Lutheran church, was entirely opposed.

The discussion group also included three lay observers: Ralph Mills, a Toronto lawyer who is chairman of the board of the Church of All Nations and a member of the Home Missions Board of the United Church; Anne Francis, an Ottawa journalist and broadcaster who describes herself as a casual (and occasionally ritual) churchgoer; and Pierre Berton, managing editor of Maclean's, who acted as chairman.

Although the main subject of discussion was Protestant church union, the talk naturally roamed elsewhere. The panelists, in discussing the mechanics of church union, also found themselves talking about their churches' attitude toward Billy Graham, Norman Vincent Peale, temperance, divorce and the Lord's Day Act.

The discussion began with Dr. Seeley's remark that "we are not looking at the unity of the church from the view of its practical advantages but because we believe it to be the will of God that the church should be one." Dr. Thomson agreed with this point of view, but went on to point out that there were cogent advantages as well, not the least of which was the shortage of ministers. "I came from a meeting yesterday when we toted up the need for ministers to supply our church and it came to something like three hundred," he said. "We have exactly ninety-five men coming forward." He went on to point out that the movement which resulted in the present United Church sprang up in the Canadian west, where communities could not afford to support more than one Protestant church and "took the situation into their own hands.

"They said, 'We're going to have a church in this community and it's going to be a community church.' They put the label United Church on it before there was a United Church."

The church's present dilemma springs from an over-all postwar increase in church membership. All panelists agreed that more people are attending church in continued on page 88

Dr. R. S. K. Seeley

Soon after this article went to press one of our distinguished panel members, Dr. Seeley, died of injuries suffered in a car accident. He was forty-nine.

What Protestants are already doing about union

It's not generally realized that hundreds of church union plans are being discussed by Protestant denominations around the world and that scores of unions have already taken place among various Protestant sects. In Britain, for instance, proposals have been advanced to introduce bishops into the Presbyterian church and elders into the Church of England, as the first step toward organic union. In Australia and New Zealand, Presbyterians, Congregationalists and Methodists are discussing the same kind of union that produced the United Church of Canada. In Jamaica, India, Pakistan and Ceylon various ambitious forms of Protestant unions are being talked about.

In Canada, union discussions centre around the United Church and the Church of England, whose theology students now study together at McGill University. Last June the United Church at its Toronto conference voted to continue to work toward union with the Anglicans. Recently, in two Ontario counties fourteen Protestant churches joined together in a drive for more money and for new members.

In the past twenty years there have been large mergers of Protestant groups in France, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Brazil, Madagascar, Japan, Rhodesia, India, the United States, the Philippines and Germany. Some of the most significant:

Japan, 1941: Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists and other smaller denominations formed The Church of Christ in Japan.

Rhodesia, 1945: Congregationalists, Presbyterians and the Union Church of the Copper Belt formed the Church of Central Africa in Rhodesia.

India, 1947: Several churches, incorporating Anglican, Presbyterian, Congregational and Methodist beliefs formed The Church of South India.

In North America the most interesting experiment in church union is the United Protestant Church of Silver Bay, Minnesota, which draws its congregation from fifteen religious groups: Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist, Episcopal, Evangelical and Reformed, Evangelical United Brethren, Churches of Christ, three Lutheran sects, Church of the Brethren, Assembly of God, Church of the Nazarene and Christian Science. ★

The scramble for the teen-age dollar

There's $100 million a year—or more—burning holes in our high-school kids' jeans. Here's how the merchants are out-hustling each other to cash in on the market that just grew up

BY JOHN CLARE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL ROCKETT

With merchandise from
The Robert Simpson Co. Limited

For years teen-agers have been regarded with loving perplexity and occasional alarm by nervous outsiders. Statisticians have run them through computing machines, sociologists, amateur and professional, have run them down and some observers, who seem to think of a pair of blue jeans as being roughly the equivalent of an SS uniform, show an inclination to run for the nearest exit.

But now teen-agers have been discovered by a group of friends who think they are real cool and even the most. To put it simply, these new friends think teen-agers are just lovely. For the word has got out that young people are loaded and while they are not throwing their money around like junior Jim Bradys they aren't stuffing it into any abandoned tea cosies either. Except for the few youngsters who go through a miserly stage that worries their parents, today's teen-agers are spending their new wealth in a way that makes them important customers.

Once they were regarded as a modest but steady market for such commodities as soda pop and bikes. Some stores set up junior councils to act as advisors and work as clerks with the idea that they and their friends would keep coming to the shop when they grew up to be serious shoppers. That time has come ahead of schedule on the crest of a boom and a wave of war babies who will hit the teens and the market place with rising authority over the next ten years.

Teen-age spending in Canada has already reached a hundred million dollars a year, according to a survey conducted among a hundred and fifty thousand high-school students in Toronto, Montreal and Edmonton. The survey was sponsored by Canadian High News, a weekly newspaper for students with a circulation of about thirty thousand. To many observers of the growing teen-age market this spending figure is low even though it is confined, as is the scope of this article, to high-school students and excludes those young people who have left school at the legal age and gone to work. In the United States a more comprehensive survey indicated that teen-agers in that country are spending nine billions a year and will be spending fourteen billions by 1965 if business stays brisk. Merchants who sell in this market feel that the Canadian figure could be doubled or tripled and still legitimately represent the teen-age contribution to the economy as consumers. As in the U.S. their spending is expected to increase greatly, probably to twice the present amount between 1951 and 1971.

Canada in 1955 had 1.6 million young people between the ages of 15 and 19; in 1960 the figure will be 1.47 millions, but by 1965 it will be up to 1.9 millions. The rise, fall and rise again in the rate follows the family pattern of the war years, with many marriages in the early years, the departure of thousands of men overseas in the middle years and their return home by 1945 to add to their families.

The slow flowering of the love affair between business and the teen-agers has some of the classic lineaments of the theatrical situation in which a storekeeper discovers the pest he was about to throw out on the street is really an eccentric millionaire. For all their strange talk and outlandish clothes teen-agers are as welcome as a couple of Grey Cup tickets these days.

Canadian business has for the most part been slower to make a special pitch to the new customers than merchants in the U.S. But businessmen are constantly being nudged by communiques such as the one issued by J. K. Edmonds, an economist writing in The Financial Post, who said: "The businessman who wants a bonanza in 1965 should start planning now to appeal to the hi-fi rather

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How one 16-year-old girl spends her $600 a year

As a Friday night and Saturday salesgirl in a nursery Barbara Baillie earned about $12 a week in her grade eleven year at Malvern High School. Most of it went into clothes—"They're kind of a hobby with me." Of the eight frocks in the photograph her mother paid for one, the bridesmaid's dress on the right. Only 7 of the 14 skirts she bought are shown, 8 of the 12 blouses, all 8 sweaters and all 12 pairs of shoes. She spent $164 on gifts during the year, but her steady date foots the entertainment bills.

How one 18-year-old boy spends his $1,102 a year

With an average income of $21 a week—all of it earned in full-time summer and after-school jobs ranging from lifeguard to skiing instructor—Blair Colleague, son of Frank [illegible], who lives at 113 Emerson Ave., Toronto, probably outspent most teen-agers last year. Shown in the photograph, which duplicates his purchases as closely as possible including [illegible] of deodorant and 15 bottles of [illegible] [illegible] $242 for entertaining his steady [illegible] [illegible], $75 for streetcar tickets.

Mr. Benturian BUYS A JAGUAR

Mlle Séraphique had been shopping and Mr Benturian riffled his wad for taxi fare. Zheemee suddenly found new interest in the couple

Well, he didn't exactly buy it. . . his exotic Séraphique wanted it and a rival tried to cheat him out of the money it cost. What was Mr. Benturian to do?

"Can you make me a newspaper like this?" asked Mr Benturian

By Donald Heiney ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

The Benturians arrived toward evening and drove straight to the Carlton, where they had reserved a suite with a rug three inches thick in the salon and a bed ten feet square in the bedroom. Many waiters bowed and Mr Benturian distributed baksheesh. There was more! On the balcony was a small wrought-iron table with two chairs and a potted palm so you could take your breakfast while looking out over the Mediterranean. The bathroom was positively sybaritic; Mme Benturian, catching sight of herself in a grandiose Empire mirror with a gilded frame, declared herself to be utterly content with everything.

As for Mr Benturian, these surroundings made him feel rather *triste*; he was a philosopher at heart, and voluptuousness always embarrassed him. "So so . . . here we are," he muttered, pacing restlessly around the suite with his hands behind his back. After a while he got out his fencing foils and began making a few desultory ripostes at the drapery, crying "Ha . . . ha!" at his imaginary opponent. But he did not cut a heroic figure; he was plump, partly bald, slightly less than average height, and his dapper grey mustache gave him rather the air of a cheerful troll out of Ibsen's Peer Gynt. After a while he gave up, put away the foils, and sent downstairs for a copy of the London Daily Express with the racing news in it.

Actually Mr Benturian had not wanted to go to Cannes at all; he had wanted to go to England to the Derby, and wear a black suit and a bowler and look at the horses through his Zeiss binoculars. But toward the end of May a vague restlessness had come over his wife, who, out of some whim, even after her marriage continued to refer to herself as Mlle Séraphique. Nothing would do but that she should go to Cannes and lie in the sun until she was baked to the color of Etruscan terracotta, a delicate and translucent beige with touches of umber around the edges. Mr Benturian sighed; he knew there are some female impulses it is folly to resist. It was, after all, the season in which a kind of madness comes over Paris, and every right-minded woman is seized with the irresistible impulse to rush off to the Cote d'Azur. There is no use applying reason to women struck with this hysteria; it is really a kind of benign epidemic, set off by the appearance of sport clothes in the shops along the Boulevard des Capucines.

Besides, Mr Benturian had long ago found out a very good plan for maintaining peace in his little family, which was simply to give Mlle Séraphique whatever she wanted before she had time to fly into a pet about it.

So here they were in Cannes. The Derby, he thought wistfully to himself as they went down to dinner, was the day after tomorrow.

The next morning the Benturians awoke late, crawled on their hands and knees to the edge of the ten-foot bed, and rang for the waiter, who presently appeared with a small silver table on wheels and served breakfast on the balcony. Then Mlle Séraphique went off shopping (there were a few things, it appeared, she had overlooked in Paris, although this seemed incredible) and Mr Benturian went downstairs and sat at a table on the *terrasse* to read his Express. When he had finished it he ordered a Times and a Daily Mail and read these too. Toward the middle of the afternoon he grew so bored that he ordered a Cinzano with soda, but this only got up into his nose and made him sneeze. Finally, about four o'clock, Mlle Séraphique came back carrying a number of packages and wearing a pair of mauve dark glasses with what appeared to be genuine zircons embedded in the frames. With her was a dark-haired young man in a grey flannel suit who carried his hands in his pockets and gazed around at the hotel ruminatively as though he were thinking of buying it.

"Bibi," said Mlle Séraphique, setting down the packages, "the taxi man is waiting, send a waiter to pay him. How do you like my sun glasses? The zircons are genuine. I have bought everything, simply everything. This is Senor Bagos de Fereda. His name is Jaime, which is the same as James. He is a count, except they won't let him go back to Spain right now because of some political thing. Aren't politics a bore? *C'est tout à fait ennuyant.* I'm sure I don't know what they are good for. Bibi, I have the thirst of seven camels. I will have a Pink Lady. What will you have, Zheemee?"

"Champagne cocktail," pronounced Senor de Fereda without altering his expression.

Mr Benturian called a waiter and ordered a Pink Lady for Mlle Séraphique, a champagne cocktail for Zheemee, and a Cinzano without soda for himself.

Zheemee meanwhile had taken out a pocket knife and was carefully trimming his fingernails; when he finished the right hand he held it out before him and gazed at it reflectively, turning it from side to side as though it were an exquisite *objet d'art* he was examining in a studio.

"Zheemee," said Mlle Séraphique brightly, "this is Bibi."

"Benturian," said Mr Benturian, offering his hand.

Zheemee stared at the hand with evident curiosity for perhaps ten seconds and then he reached out and pressed it briefly with the ends of his fingers. "Bagos," he said.

"Bibi," said Mlle Séraphique. "The taxi man."

"Ah," said Mr Benturian. He felt through his pockets and produced an enormous wad of money, which he began to sort out; he dropped several bank notes

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WHITEHEAD the hitmaker

He looks like a small-town banker, acts like a diffident diplomat and confounds the experts by turning leftovers into bonanzas

REHEARSAL: Smiling Whitehead discusses Waltz of the Toreadors as star Ralph Richardson emotes in background

BACKSTAGE: Whitehead chats with Eric Portman in dressing room as veteran English star awaits cue to go on in Separate Tables. Last year Whitehead produced six plays in New York. Four became hits.

By June Callwood

Photographs by Walter Curtin

Last winter's theatrical season on Broadway was distinguished by blight with a whopping percentage of gaudy-talented producers, directors, writers and performers involved in disasters. When the debris was examined in the annual spring post mortems, one producer was discovered to be relatively unmangled. He is a composed and complicated Canadian, Robert Whitehead, who last year presented a record total of six plays in New York and saw four of them become hits. This nudges the realm of impossibility: the odds on having a single hit on a Broadway stage are one in four.

In token of these triumphs, which theatre historians suspect are unprecedented on Broadway, Whitehead was named on the honors list of Theatre Arts, a magazine devoted to New York theatre.

Whitehead, in fact, wears the solid-gold halo of the twentieth century's ideal, a profit-making visionary. His plays have a high quality of intelligence and taste and they also make money. He has a faculty for making a fortune out of plays other producers have rejected as totally uneconomical. Most notable of the Cinderellas to whom he has been Prince Charming are his first production, Medea, starring Judith Anderson, The Member of the Wedding, with Julie Harris in her first major role, and Mrs. McThing, starring Helen Hayes. Mrs. McThing, which in 1950-51 placed second for the Critics Award, had been shopping for a producer for two years.

Although Whitehead left his home in Montreal more than twenty years ago as a stage-struck young man who wanted to act on Broadway, he has never changed his Canadian citizenship. Except for five years during the war spent as an ambulance driver in North Africa, Italy and Burma, Whitehead has lived in New York with the status of resident alien.

"I don't really feel that strongly about nationality," he explains. "I suppose in part I'm just lazy. It's a nuisance to change citizenship. That's what I usually tell people who ask about it. But it's more than that, really. If I deny my Canadianism I'm denying part of myself. I lived the first half of my life in Canada. I can't throw that away."

Whitehead claims to notice his Canadian citizenship only once every four years. He has campaigned strenuously for his friend Adlai Stevenson, twice Democratic candidate for president, and

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CASTING: Whitehead hears fellow Canadian Don Harron read for part in Separate Tables. He got the job.

Jetting from a maze of nozzles, frigid river water thaws out a permafrost bed for placer gold mining operations in Canada's Klondike

The maddening war against permafrost

IT COVERS HALF OF CANADA.

It can topple forests and swallow airfields. We've licked snow, cold and ice but we can't beat this. Can we learn to live with it?

By BILL STEPHENSON

Ever since the cold war settled in Canada's interest in her own northland has warmed so much that communities and installations undreamed-of a decade ago are fast speckling the Arctic emptiness. In reclaiming her neglected territory, however, Canada has come into conflict with an older, colder foe than any Red, one which she must defeat—or join—if these new communities are to last.

This enemy has been with us always, but only in 1943 was it given an English name: permafrost. The Russians call it *vechnaia merzlota* or "perennially frozen ground."

By any name, permafrost is a slumbering giant which, if disturbed, may topple city blocks like children's blocks, cause whole forests to stagger drunkenly or fall, swallow airstrips, roads and railways, abruptly flood houses, bring all summer traffic across it to a shuddering halt, and make commercial and military operations in the north hideously expensive.

Permafrost underlies about one fifth of all land on earth and almost one third of Canada, at depths varying from a few inches in the northern Mackenzie River system to several feet in much of the Laurentian Shield. Its thickness varies enormously with the type of soil and the latitude. As little as five feet of permafrost have been found near Yellowknife. As much as six thousand feet underlie the Anadyr Peninsula of Siberia. Resolute, in our Arctic, can probe at least 1,000 feet of permafrost, while coal miners at Sveagruvan, Norway, scrape the bottom of their layer at the mine's 1,050-foot level.

Permafrost so complicates day-to-day living in the Arctic that men and women often see only one way out—leave for a gentler clime.

In most invasions of the north, from the Trans-Siberian Railway in the 1890s to the Alaska Highway, men have sought ways to get rid of permafrost. To this formidable task they have brought fire, the sun's heat, cold river water and live steam, wheelbarrow, mechanical shovel and bulldozer. The outcome of such attacks generally falls into one of two categories: (1) panic as retreating permafrost takes all man-made effects with it, or (2) permafrost relatively unharmed and man hustling to keep it that way.

Until lately, no one ever seemed to learn from others' *faux pas*. The Hudson Bay Railway spent millions in the late 1920s learning to lay track over the permafrost south of Churchill, Man. Yet in 1942 the builders of the Canol pipeline and road from Norman Wells, Northwest Territories, to Whitehorse, in the

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Where buildings go crazy

Like the woozily tilting former post office, most → Dawson City buildings are heaved out of plumb by permafrost, need repairs every second year.

"It happened to us"

This is another of the series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's ... stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY? If so send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. For stories accepted Maclean's will pay the regular rates it offers for articles.

← Now our neighbors are pitching in. Together we've rigged a cable-drop down the 200-ft bluff, built railway-tie groynes to break the waves.

How we've saved our house from Lake Ontario

The struggle sapped our savings and our strength. Once it almost killed me. But we've muzzled the biting waves that threatened to topple our cliff-edge house—and won more than safety

BY TIM PALMER

To most people a house is just a place to live, attached to a mortgage and a chance to profit from rising real-estate values. But for better or for worse we're committed to the idea that our home is part of our lives. It has involved us in a ten-year struggle with waves, wind, subterranean water and surface water, and, occasionally, with local opinion to prevent it from ending up in Lake Ontario two hundred feet below, along with all our labors, hopes and savings. My wife Mollie has named our house the Bird's Nest. It is located on Birchmount Road at the eastern outskirts of Toronto in a beautiful wooded area, perched on the very edge of Scarborough Bluffs, the almost vertical cliffs that rise out of Lake Ontario to almost half the height of Toronto's thirty-four-story Bank of Commerce building.

To keep it up there, I've had to work at the base of the cliff building bulwarks of oil tanks, cement blocks and war-surplus barges to try to stop wave erosion. I've piped springs and built terraces on the sheer face of the cliff. My fight with erosion has influenced the course of the past ten years of my life. Because of it and the time and hard work it requires, I've had to pass up better jobs and chances for advancement. I've been told by well-meaning friends to give up. I've been called the madman of Birchmount.

But we all have our quirks and aberrations. Mine is to hang onto my home, come frost, flood or high water. I chose it because the cliffs have been part of my life since boyhood and because I love the lake and the quiet wooded district at the top, where the houses are hidden from one another by the trees. I love the ever-changing scene of water and sky, moonlight over the lake, the sight of gulls and planes soaring in front of us, the sound of the waves, the cry of the loon, and the fascinating wildlife outside our door. It is home to our twin daughters, and something a bit more than that to my wife, for it was the view of the lake and the closeness to nature that gradually overcame her homesickness for her native Berkshire. These are the reasons why we've struggled to hold it, and why we're determined to keep up the fight.

I bought the house in 1946, soon after I got out of the army, but the story really begins when I was a boy helping to battle the cliff with my father.

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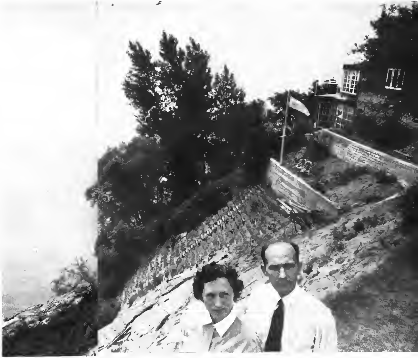


In ten sweated years we've shored up the Bird's Nest—as my wife Mollie calls our house—with 35 rows of terracing and two retaining walls. To us it's the best house in Toronto with the finest view in all Ontario.

Shown snaking past Swift Current, the 34-inch tunnel is now at Winnipeg Target for completion fall 58

What the pipeline will do for Canada

By Alan Phillips

Here's what to look for

DEFINITELY A chemicals boom from a thousand by-products

A battle for your home heat and appliance money

POSSIBLY A mass migration of light industry

A change in living costs and standards

Across three quarters of Canada a new industrial giant is stirring threatening to break long-set patterns of business Natural gas having played its part in last June's political upheaval is now expected to trigger a business upheaval

The Trans-Canada Pipeline not so long ago a pipe dream is fast becoming a fact By late next year this underground tunnel of high pressure steel will stretch from Alberta's gas fields in sight of the soaring Rockies to the seaport of Montreal 2 294 miles Twelve spreads of high-booted pipeliners are working on it now They've just reached Winnipeg They'll be in Port Arthur by November By fall 58 the last link between the Rockies and Montreal will be forged

As the pipeline swings east the men who find, transport and sell the gas are prophesying changes in kitchen and factory in living costs and living standards, and it becomes apparent that these things will come about mainly through

- a stepped-up search for oil
- the creation of new chemical products
- huge injections of new money into the bloodstream of commerce
- new secondary industry followed by population shifts
- a fight for markets both domestic and industrial between gas, oil and coal

These heady forecasts are solidly based on what gas can do First it's fuel the purest known refined in the bowels of the earth by nature from organic ooze. It's invisible silent, clean convenient— the wonder fuel it's called in the U S Second it's raw material the source of a thousand chemicals

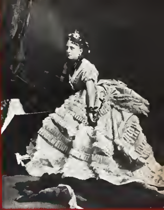
We can glimpse what this means by looking south of the border Natural gas is the Cinderella of U S industry It was thought in 1940 that its future lay in the past But the introduction of 36-inch pipe brought down the cost of gas as the prices of oil and coal were going up Utilities selling high-cost gas made from coal switched to natural gas so fast that gas is now the sixth largest industry in the U S It has captured the new suburban heating market It's making a bid for the rich new field of home air conditioning It has twenty-five thousand industrial uses its boosters say All told it supplies twenty six percent of all U S energy compared with five percent in Canada

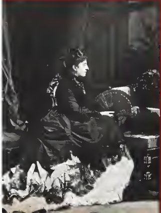
These things won't happen here overnight And warn gas men they can't be taken for granted The gas utilities have a big selling job to do They've got to wrest markets from oil coal and electricity the entrenched competition If they don't work hard enough at it the pipeline could go broke.

But gas has an edge because it's found while geologists are looking for something else In the decade since Leduc ushered in the oil era in Canada companies probing the prairies for oil have stumbled on

continued on page 66

When women wore clothes





William Notman's famous portraits

hark back to a grandiose era of fashion

to remind mere man how swiftly

feminine tastes can change

A MACLEAN'S ALBUM

continued overleaf

The incredible era of the steel skirt

The photographs on these and the following pages, some of them a century old, prove as no words can that tastes and fashions change with bewildering speed, especially where women's clothes are concerned. To a modern woman the tentlike creatures shown here must seem as strange and distant in time as the dinosaur. And yet in their day, when these members of Montreal's élite posed for their portraits in William Notman's fashionable studio, their costumes were considered the epitome of good taste.

These pictures are all taken from the Notman collection which was purchased last year by McGill University with assistance from Maclean's. Notman began taking photographs in 1856 when the crinoline skirt had reached its zenith, and he kept taking them for almost half a century until the era of the puffed sleeve.

Originally the crinoline was a petticoat stiffened by horse hair; some women wore seven of them and the bulging dress that surmounted the whole required some twenty yards of silk. But by Notman's time the inventive genius of the Victorians, which produced the steel marvels of the Crystal Palace and the Forth bridge, had invented a substitute for petticoats. The Watch Spring Crinoline was born—the famous hoop skirt. By 1859 the steel mills at Sheffield were turning out wire for half a million crinolines a week.

The crinoline was perhaps the most awkward garment ever devised, and one of the most dangerous. Many a social butterfly straying too close to a Victorian fireplace literally went up in flames. Skirts were so huge that a man and a woman could no longer walk side by side down the street. Women became so gargantuan that four of them crammed a parlor to overflowing. Buses designed to accommodate eight passengers could take only half that number.

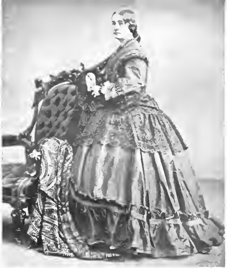
Little girls wore crinolines, too, as indeed they do in modern times

In vain, mere males protested and the gaitered clergy railed from the pulpits. Women persisted in wearing crinolines for the same reason that their Chinese sisters bound their feet: it was obviously impossible for anybody so attired to stoop to manual labor—or indeed to stoop at all. For the crinoline was the product of an age in which the first thin mewlings of an infant democracy were being heard. More and more, the upper classes of Europe who ruled the fashion world felt it necessary to distinguish themselves from the burgeoning industrial masses. Thus, the impossibly impractical skirts, the morning silks and afternoon velvets, the sleeve ends of foaming lace all but smothering the tiny genteel hands.

A woman cheerfully paid thirty pounds for a crinoline — a staggering sum in those days. Among the genteel classes luxury meant boredom and vice versa. Any young lady who consciously sought the mildest of pleasures was considered "fast." Swathed in her hooped armor, the diameter of which was often equal to her height, her feminine lines completely disguised, the virtuous female of the species felt secure from wicked masculine predators.

And yet there was that delicious swaying of the circular skirt which managed to reveal beneath its folds a trim ankle, the sight of which literally caused the more sensitive of Victorian males to faint with passion. Men developed an "ankle complex" and boots and shoes took on an erotic significance that is today reserved for more modern feminine accouterments.

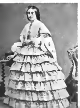
Soon ankles were not enough. By the mid Sixties the shape of the crinoline was undergoing a change. Women who had been bell shaped and later triangle shaped now slowly began to be woman shaped again. Imperial France was crumbling and the Parisian style world was in upheaval. Change was in the air. The uppermost hoop of the crinoline became smaller and the whole unwieldy mass was pushed backward—like an afterthought. Viewed from the front, women were women. From the rear they remained a shapeless bundle of cloth. But slowly that bundle was assuming a rounded feminine form: a new gimmick was just around the corner in more ways than one. It was called a "bustle" and it can be viewed on the next two pages in both of its remarkable manifestations. But before anyone, man, woman or child, snickers too hard at bustle or crinoline, let him turn to page 117 where some suspiciously similar modern counterparts suggest there's really nothing new under the sun.


This 100 year old photograph captures the crinoline at its very zenith, in all its gargantuan enormity and flamboyant splendor

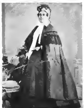
"Swathed in her hooped armor, her feminine lines completely disguised, the virtuous female of the species felt secure from masculine predators." Then came the bustle

CONTINUED

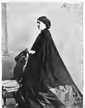
When Notman started taking portraits in 1856 women were shaped like bells.



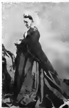
By 1863 figure had become shapeless with no suspicion of feminine curves.



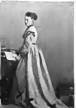
Triangle shape emerged, accentuated by shawls, which were very fashionable



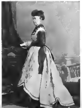
Tiny hats accentuated triangle. This 1865 photo hints at crinoline's end



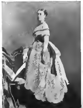
The centre of gravity began to shift, in hairstyles as well as in gowns.



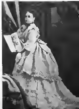
Hitched up skirt revealing bright petticoats added a flirtatious note.

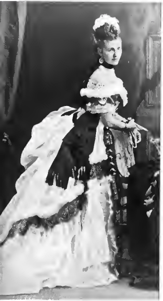


By 1868 crinoline was becoming a bustle. A new style was in crucible.



By 1869 hoop skirt was a thing of the past and a new fad was raging.





FIRST BUSTLE reached height of popularity in 1873. A large pad had to be inserted so that dress could protrude properly

BUTTONS AND BOW

Dress reflected tastes of Victorian Age which went in for ornate furniture and stuffed birds. Males vainly attacked "the ugly and senseless frills . . . bows that do not tie anything . . . buttons that are no use." But few women paid any heed

PRINCESS SHAPE

Reaction to bustle came towards end of the 70s with this vertical look which was really a wistful glance back to an earlier, more romantic era. There was a brief flurry in vertical fashions, which recalled the Empire and Directoire styles.

TIE-BACK SKIRT

As the decade progressed women continued to move forward but in a backward sort of way. The "tie-back skirt" which emerged in the mid 70s resulted in a new kind of appendage. Wags said, unkindly, that it looked a lot like a fox's brush.

OUTER CORSET

Waists grew so tight that corsets had to be worn cuirass-like over skirts as in this bridal gown. Note that tail appendage has now become a train. Wedding styles seem eternal but in fact they always seem to follow current whims of fashion

The two bustles

They were history's most preposterous fashion hoaxes

With the adoption of the first bustle in the early Seventies women began to step forward in the world—literally as well as figuratively. The changed centre of gravity produced by the enormous billowing mass at the back, together with a high heel, caused her to tilt forward. Thus, even when standing still, she seemed to be advancing, a position that fashion dubbed "the Grecian Bend." The whole world, in fact, was moving forward. The Reform Act of 1867 in England, the social legislation of its Liberal government, the collapse of the French Empire—all this change and turbulence was reflected in feminine dress.

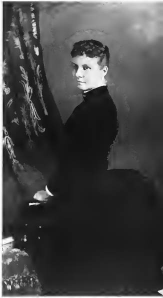
Women now frankly displayed those allurements that the crinoline had kept encaged for two decades. Indeed they exaggerated them by tightening the waist and padding the hips—and for the same reason that modern women pad their bosoms. A man was a catch in the days of the bustle; the chances of a twenty-one-year-old girl marrying were only one in three and it was every girl for herself. Until the end of the century some version of the hourglass figure was to be in vogue and to many modern psychologists this phenomenon looks like an indication of an unsatisfied sex instinct.

A reaction to the bustle came briefly at the end of the 1870s. The protuberance vanished and became a tail that dragged behind. Women assumed a vertical shape and, as one fashion historian has written, "the result was that of a graceful statue swathed in wrapping ready for removal." This Princess Shape, as it was called, was a sort of sentimental look backward to a simpler and less complicated era. But it was really only an interlude between bustles. In the 1880s a more formidable appendage burst upon the fashion scene.

This second bustle was less provocative than its predecessor, for this decade saw the emergence of the Career Girl, whose tailored, purposeful shape seemed to suggest that she no longer needed male attention.

By 1885 the new bustles projected at right angles from the waist for as much as two feet and a teacup might be poised upon them safely without fear of mishap. The earlier pad had given way to a wire cage over which a six-pound dress could be draped. Some students of fashion and psychology have called this "the maternal bustle" because they believe it to be an expression of unfulfilled maternal craving, "like being able to lead a child by the hand," as J. C. Flugel phrased it in his Psychology of Clothes. Certainly the way in which the skirt was draped in front carried an unmistakable suggestion of pregnancy.

But the bustle, too, was only a passing fancy. Toward the end of the decade it began to diminish as women's mercurial tastes settled on the new fad which is shown on the following two pages.



SECOND BUSTLE reached its zenith in 1886. It was supported by a wire cage and you could balance a cup of tea neatly upon it

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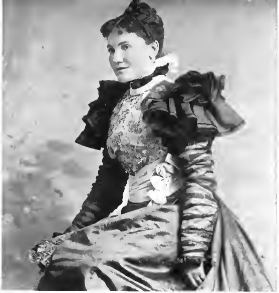


In 1896 the puffed sleeve reached its peak so to speak These epaulettes are said to be product of late Victorian prudery they drew eye away from other regions.

When sleeves looked like legs of mutton

Anybody contemplating the photograph above must be moved to remark that as far as women's fashions are concerned the art of design is the art of exaggeration At various times, women have accentuated the waist the bosom and the hips In the so-called Gay Nineties they accentuated the biceps What began as a small tuck of material at the shoulder swiftly developed into an enormous "leg o' mutton" so huge that a cushion had to be used to keep it in place Why this accent on sleeves? The Nineties for all their gaiety were noted for their prudery and the enormous epaulettes usually made of contrasting material, distracted the eye from what the late Victorians considered the forbidden regions of the body (Loose concealing blouses were also a feature of the period) The big sleeves lasted until 1898 then vanished, only to reappear in a different but equally exaggerated shape But the flamboyant Victorian fashions that William Notman so faithfully recorded were almost at an end Women ceased to be hothouse flowers and with the invention of bicycle and motorcar were moving out into a world in which bustles crinolines and puff sleeves weren't practical An era of simpler (but equally puzzling) fashion was dawning ★

From babies to brides all puffed their sleeves

They began like this . . .

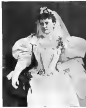
and ended up like this . . .

and like this

Toddlers wore big sleeves . . .

teen-agers, too.

Even costumes had them . . .



and bridal gowns.

BIG CHANGE in dress followed after the great bicycle craze of Nineties.

GIBSON GIRL in blouse and stiff skirt reflected starchiness of era.

FEMININITY returned in 1903 when curves came into style once more

NEW PUFF appeared in sleeve but this time it was much lower down.

Benedict Arnold *Colonel Thompson* *George Washington*

He side-stepped Nova Scotia to attack Quebec. If it hadn't been for Benedict Arnold's smooth advice, we'd all be Yankees today

How George Washington lost Canada

BY THOMAS H. RADDALL

Illustrated by Bruce Johnson

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

In the whole of its turbulent history the fate of Canada as a future nation united sea to sea probably never hung more finely in the balance than it did one summer day in 1775. That day in his army headquarters near Boston George Washington had two proposals before him. One called for a minor campaign to capture Nova Scotia, the other was Benedict Arnold's scheme for an overland blow at Quebec.

The first plan was much the sounder. Aided by native anti-British rebels an American force of one thousand men could have easily crushed the main stronghold of Halifax where only 126 of the garrison were fit for duty. They would have held the key to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and Nova Scotia would eventually have become the fourteenth star in the new American flag.

Washington of course chose to be swayed by the colorful Arnold and lost five thousand men—mostly to hardship and disease—in the futile St. Lawrence adventure.

Thomas H. Raddall, distinguished Nova Scotian novelist and historian, explores this fascinating realm of "might have been" in his new book The Path of Destiny, which will be published later this year by Doubleday. The following is an excerpt from that book.

At the beginning of the revolution Nova Scotia included (with the peninsula and the island of Cape Breton to which it is now confined) the whole of New Brunswick, much of the Gaspé peninsula, and part of the state of Maine. It was in fact the old French province of Acadie under another name, and from Halifax a British governor and his council ruled the old Acadian domain in its entirety.

Acadie under the French regime, with a mainland rubbing hard against the outer settlements of the New Englanders and a peninsula aimed like a cannon at their Boston heart, had been a menace to generations of spirited Yankees and for generations they strove to abolish it. In 1710 they captured the

continued on page 78

Mrs. Brennan's secret

Even as Louie sat in her kitchen for the first time
he knew what his police badge compelled him to do — now that they'd found out
why her egg crates gurgled

BY ROBERT KROETSCH

Louie Zimmel never got married. A horse kicked his left knee and smashed it when he was nineteen years old and the accident cost him his only girl friend. She was ashamed to go dancing with a boy who had a crippled leg, and in two months she was married to a Watkins man who would tap his foot to the song of a meadowlark. Louie, thirty years later, was still single. He still walked with a limp and he was scared to death of women.

That is why he tried to look busy when Mrs. Cash, the new hotel keeper's wife, burst into his egg-grading station to make her accusation.

"Do you know what that Mrs. Brennan is up to?" Mrs. Cash demanded. She raised her elbows like a hawk sunning its wings in the early morning.

Louie, the egg-grading man and town policeman, had known for twenty-eight years what Mrs. Brennan was up to. He crossed his good knee over his bad one and lifted an egg to the candling light. "What's she up to?" he said.

"She's bootlegging."

"Now, now," said Louie.

"Now, now!" said Mrs. Cash, her voice rising like the sound of wine being run into a bottle. "I said she's bootlegging!"

Louie returned the A large egg to its container. "Evidence," he said, picking up the same egg again. "Mrs. Cash, rumors are rumors, but evidence is evidence. How can you honestly make such a charge?"

Mrs. Cash ran her long thin hands down over her flat chest and stepped from the doorway of the office into the egg-grading room. "Mr. Zimmel. Do you remember when that witch of a woman brought in her eggs?"

Louie nodded. He remembered her footsteps on the wooden sidewalk that morning as he had remembered for thirty long years the way she said his name, the color of her eyes and their last dance together.

Mrs. Cash closed the insulated wooden door with DO NOT ENTER printed across the front. "She left a crate in your office an hour ago."

"She does every week," Louie said.

"I sent my husband over for some eggs and he took those by mistake."

"They were for the storekeeper."

"There was a note in the top that said as much."

When Louie spoke again his voice was trying to be calm under the woman's shrill assurance. "Mrs. Brennan doesn't own a hotel. Maybe the eggs were in payment of her debts."

"That's right," said Mrs. Cash. Her teeth flashed in the semi-darkness. "And so were the four bottles of chokecherry wine in the bottom

continued on page 94

"It looks as if the East is going to any lengths to win the Grey Cup this year."

Who's arguing?

By PARKE CUMMINGS

"I guess you think our theory of never disciplining our children under any circumstances is sort of half-baked."

"You'll probably feel like murdering me for bidding three spades on a hand like this."

"I know you'll think we must have been out of our heads when we chose this color for the guest room."

"I'll bet you're saying to yourself that I'm the worst mixed-doubles partner you've ever played with."

"Probably you think I went a little overboard on the garlic."

"Now when I tell you this you're liable to assume that it's because I've had too much to drink."

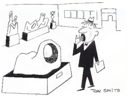
"You're probably kicking yourself for having agreed to serve on this committee."

"I can tell that what you're thinking right now couldn't be printed."

"I'm sure you're convinced that I'm a terribly slovenly housekeeper."

"This may sound conceited, but—"

Sweet & sour



"She wants a dish of vanilla ice cream!"

"We've come back [illegible]"

The railwaymen . . .

what makes their work so important to you?

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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEST BET **THE PAJAMA GAME:** The Broadway hit has been turned into a dandy screen musical. The story deals with labor-management relations both inside and outside a sleepwear factory. Doris Day's performance as the head of the workers' grievance committee is a bit charmless but she sings well and is strongly partnered by stage star John Raitt—in his Hollywood debut—as the dynamic plant superintendent. The good tunes and dances are expertly woven into the narrative.

AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER: Sugary sentimentality spills freely in all directions in this laughter-and-tears romance, which is made tolerable by the delightful work of Deborah Kerr and Cary Grant. (It was **Love Affair** when Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer did it in 1939.)

BAND OF ANGELS: An old-fashioned Deep South melodrama, corny enough to make it quite enjoyable as a collector's item. A reformed slave trader (Clark Gable) and a proud high-yaller gal (Yvonne De Carlo) are the principals.

BEAU JAMES: A subdued Bob Hope portrays the late Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York in a whitewashing biography of that elegant Tammany politician. With Vera Miles, Paul Douglas, Alexis Smith. Rating: fair.

JEANNE EAGELS: Kim Novak's empty stare is oddly suited to her role here as the explosive stage-and-screen actress of the 1920s. The result is an occasionally interesting drama, co-starring Jeff Chandler as our heroine's faithful dog admirer.

NIGHT PASSAGE: James Stewart and Audie Murphy as brothers good and evil in a routine big-budget western.

THE RISING OF THE MOON: A parcel of three Irish stories, wrapped together by shamrock-loving John Ford. Two of them seem tedious to me, but Cyril Cusack and Noel Purcell are memorable in No. 1 as, respectively, a genial policeman and the fierce old blatherskite he must drag off to the village jail.

3:10 TO YUMA: A superior suspense western. For the sake of the bounty money, which he needs desperately for his family, a peaceful but resolute rancher (Van Heflin) sets out to deliver a captured bandit (Glenn Ford) to justice, fully aware that his prisoner's gunmen will be waiting when the train comes in.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

The Admirable Crichton: Desert-island comedy-drama. Good.
Brothers in Law: Comedy. Good.
Decision Against Time: Drama. Good.
Delicate Delinquent: Comedy. Fair.
Desk Set: Comedy. Good.
The D.I.: Marine training-camp comedy-drama. Fair.
Dino: Delinquency drama. Good.
Doctor at Large: Comedy. Good.
A Face in the Crowd: Satire-on-TV drama. Good.
Fire Down Below: Drama. Poor.
Funny Face: Musical. Excellent.
The Great Man: Drama. Excellent.
Gun Glory: Western. Fair.
The Happy Road: Comedy. Good.
A Hatful of Rain: Drama. Good.
High Tide at Noon: Drama. Fair.
How to Murder a Rich Uncle: British comedy. Fair.
The Incredible Shrinking Man: Science-fiction thriller. Excellent.
Island in the Sun: Melodrama. Fair.
The Killing: Crime drama. Excellent.
Kronos: Science fiction. Fair.
The Little Hut: Comedy. Poor.
Lizzie: Psychiatric drama. Fair.
The Lonely Man: Western. Fair.
Lost Horizon (reissue): Drama. Good.
Love in the Afternoon: Comedy. Good.
Man on Fire: Divorce drama. Fair.
The March Hare: Turf comedy. Fair.
The Monte Carlo Story: Romantic comedy-drama. Fair.
The Prince and the Showgirl: British romantic comedy. Good.
Saint Joan: Historical drama. Fair.
Scandal in Sorrento: Comedy. Fair.
The Seventh Sin: Drama. Poor.
The Shiralee: Adventure and drama in Australia. Excellent.
Silk Stockings: Musical. Good.
Stella: Greek sex-drama. Fair.
The Strange One: Drama. Good.
Sweet Smell of Success: Drama. Good.
Tammy and the Bachelor: Romantic comedy-drama. Good.
This Could Be the Night: Romantic comedy-drama. Good.
Tiger in the Smoke: Drama. Fair.
The Unholy Wife: Melodrama. Poor.
Way to the Gold: Drama. Fair.

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MR. BENTURIAN BUYS A JAGUAR

Continued from page 21

picked them up and put them back with the rest, spread the pile out on the table, and finally found a thousand-franc note to send to the driver. Zheemee observed this ceremony with some interest. He sat up, put away his pocketknife and seemed to take notice of Mr. Benturian for the first time. When his cocktail came he leaned back in his chair and sipped it slowly, examining Mr. Benturian speculatively over the rim of his glass.

"I see you are reading an English newspaper," he said politely after a while. "Are you English? I admire the English very much."

"Actually I am American," said Mr. Benturian, "but I admire the English very much too."

"I admire the Americans very much," said Zheemee.

"Now Bibi," suggested Mlle. Séraphique, "you say you admire the Spanish very much and we will all shake hands."

"Why should we shake hands?" said Mr. Benturian. "We have already shaken hands."

"All right," said Mlle. Séraphique wearily.

"But your name," Zheemee persisted, "does not sound like American."

"Actually I am of Armenian descent," explained Mr. Benturian. "There are many Armenians in America. Have you ever heard of William Saroyan, the writer? Have you ever heard of A. T. Bashkirian, the salvage and scrap iron tycoon? A friend of mine."

"Is he?" said Zheemee, raising his eyebrows. "I am impressed. Actually I admire Armenians very much."

"I will go crazy," muttered Mlle. Séraphique.

"Excuse me," frowned Zheemee, "you are American and yet you are reading an English newspaper. How can that be? Perhaps you have business interests in England? Factories?"

"Hardly," said Mr. Benturian modestly. "As a matter of fact I was only reading the racing page. It has the starting line-up for the Derby."

"The Derby!" cried Zheemee. "So you are a sporting man?"

"Hardly that either," apologized Mr. Benturian. "I take great pleasure in watching the horses run around—Longchamps, Saint-Cloud, Auteuil—but I seldom bet more than a few thousand francs. Unless of course I know before the race which horse is going to win."

"I beg your pardon?" said Zheemee.

"Last year for example," explained Mr. Benturian, warming up to his subject, "I went to Auteuil on Easter Sunday for the President's Cup and just before the sweepstakes a pigeon flew down and landed on my lap. Not remarkable, you say, and perhaps it is not. Well! examining this particular pigeon I discovered that it had been banded with a small metal band by some society for the protection of birds. There were seven numbers on the band. The final number was five, the number of the race that was about to begin. The next two numbers were one and four, so I immediately went to the betting window and placed a large sum on number fourteen, which as it happened was a horse named Resurrection. Resurrection, of course, won by four lengths although before the race his prospects had been viewed pessimistically by the handicappers."

"Remarkable," said Zheemee. "What were the other four numbers on the band?"

"The odds," said Mr. Benturian. "One hundred to eight."

"Incredible!" said Zheemee.

"Indeed it is," said Mlle. Séraphique, "and I for one choose not to believe it."

"Sweetheart," said Mr. Benturian, hurt.

"Bibi," Mlle. Séraphique complained, "my Pink Lady is all gone and besides I am hungry."

"*Un autre cocktail pour madame* and some peanuts," Mr. Benturian told the waiter. "Another time," he continued to Zheemee, "I had gone to Saint Cloud in a pouring rainstorm and the dampness had made my feet hurt. Oh! I am sorry. Your drink is all gone, too. Will you have another?"

"Thank you," said Zheemee.

"*Un autre cocktail pour monsieur*," said Mr. Benturian. "As I was saying, I had gone to Saint Cloud in a pouring rainstorm and the dampness had made my feet hurt. Reaching down to loosen my shoelaces I discovered that I was inexplicably wearing one brown shoe and one black shoe. Well! what was my surprise to discover that there was a horse in the sixth race named Bizarre Chaussé. The horse of course."

"Bibi," said Mlle. Séraphique, "you are as superstitious as an old woman."

"Not at all," said Mr. Benturian. "Superstition and intuition are by no means the same thing. All Armenians are more or less intuitive. Strange and wonderful things happen to them. In my opinion it is a compensation for the terrible persecutions they have suffered in their history. My grandfather was killed by an eagle dropping a tortoise onto his head from a great height. The eagle was trying to break the tortoise's shell so he could eat it and he mistook my grandfather's bald head for a rock. It was not clear whether he considered this an instance of persecution or a strange and wonderful happening."

"Did this take place in America?" said Zheemee politely.

"In Greece," said Mr. Benturian, "on the island of Samos."

"Remarkable," said Zheemee.

"Are you also a sporting man?" inquired Mr. Benturian, feeling that the conversation was centering too exclusively upon himself.

"*Comme ci comme ça*," said Zheemee. "I sometimes amuse myself by accepting bets from my friends."

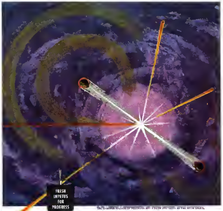
"Ah! so you are a bookmaker!" cried Mr. Benturian, who had been secretly wondering how he could find a person of just this profession.

Zheemee looked pained. He broke off the conversation and began staring off thoughtfully over the trees in the opposite direction.

"Really, Bibi," said Mlle. Séraphique, "sometimes your way of expressing yourself is excessively crude."

"What did I say?" protested Mr. Benturian.

"Perhaps he meant no offense," said Zheemee tolerantly. "You see," he explained to Mr. Benturian, "since I take bets only from my personal friends, I hardly consider myself a bookmaker. One doesn't need the money, after all. But without a certain element of risk life would be too dull. So I bet up-and-down with my friends, so to speak. If they lose I win, and vice versa. Naturally in order



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"Your paper will reveal the Derby winner — before the race," said Zheemee. "It must fool Benturian"

to make the thing interesting for myself I deal only in very large sums."

"As a matter of fact," said Mr. Benturian, "I was thinking of putting a few thousand francs on the Derby myself . . ."

". . . and only in very large sums," Zheemee repeated rather distantly, as though he were losing interest in the conversation.

"Oh," said Mr. Benturian.

AFTER the Benturians had gone Zheemee remained sitting at the table surrounded by the litter of peanut shells, empty glasses and cigarette stubs. Mr. Benturian, he noticed, had left two one-thousand franc notes on the table for the waiter, which was extravagant. He picked up one of them and slipped it absently into his coat. After a moment's thought he also picked up Mr. Benturian's Daily Express, folded it and put it into his pocket. Then he hailed a taxi and gave it an address in the Rue des Barbanes, a district of third-rate hotels and shabby shops beyond the Boulevard d'Alsace. It was a section of Cannes that Zheemee visited only infrequently and only on matters of business; he personally found the district repugnant. But this was no moment to be fastidious. When a prize imbecile like Mr. Benturian falls into one's lap, time is of the essence. He must positively be separated from his money before someone else should catch sight of him and beat one to the game.

He had arrived. "Voilà, monsieur," said the driver.

Zheemee got out and went into a small printing establishment, the kind of a shop that prints calling cards and funeral announcements for the poor and does a small clandestine business in false passports. The proprietor, whom Zheemee found at his usual station with his elbows propped on the counter and his chin resting on his hands, was an Algerian, a round cheerful Berber named Mahmoud ben Youssef. Mahmoud was patently a rascal; one had only to look at him to tell that, but there was something engaging about him with his small pagan eyes and his round face with its complacent expression of a lizard basking in the sun.

"Hello, dear Mr. Ragos de Fereda," he smiled as Zheemee entered.

Zheemee, who knew him well from previous transactions, was rather annoyed at this familiarity and preferred to give no sign of recognition. He nodded a little coldly. Then he opened up Mr. Benturian's Express and spread it out on the counter.

"Can you make a newspaper like this?" he asked.

"Difficult," said Mahmoud, "but not impossible."

"I suppose that is your subtle Bedouin way of intimating that it will be expensive!" said Zheemee sarcastically.

Mahmoud smiled indulgently and named a figure.

"It's too much," said Zheemee, "but I'll pay it, provided you can have the paper done by tomorrow morning." He opened the Express to the sporting page. "Listen carefully. The paper I want you to make is to be dated the twenty-sixth of May. By that time the Epsom Derby will be over. Therefore your paper will contain the name of the winner. Since you are going to deliver this paper to me at least four hours before the race is run, this will be a piece of information of considerable value. Do you follow me?"

"You are a miracle of clarity, dear Mr. Ragos de Fereda," said Mahmoud. "There is only one more thing you must tell me. Which horse is going to be the winner?"

"I haven't decided yet," said Zheemee, frowning. "Let me think."

He ran his forefinger down the starting line-up in the paper before him. Acropolis and Our Babu were out; at three-to-one favorites they were too risky. On the other hand the fifty-to-one shots were too implausible; even a prize-winning simpleton like Mr. Benturian would be unlikely to swallow that. He finally decided on Phil Drake. The horse looked reasonably, even convincingly, good on the form chart, but it was obvious to anyone who knew the facts that he didn't have a chance. The Volterra stables were not what they used to be since the death of M. Volterra, and it was known that Phil Drake had injured his leg in practice a few weeks before, although the fact had not been made public. Besides, a French horse is always at a disadvantage in England; they get seasick coming across the channel and feel giddy for days.

"Phil Drake!" he told Mahmoud.

"And the odds?"

"It doesn't matter," said Zheemee. "Make it ten to one."

He departed. It was already after six and he still had certain arrangements to make with another acquaintance of his, a waiter who worked in the room-service pantry of the Carlton Hotel.

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THE next day was magnificent; the breeze blew lazily from the general direction of Morocco and the sea sparkled like platinum under the burning sun. After lunch Mlle. Séraphique prepared to go down to the beach for the first of her sunbaths. She donned an expensive but practically invisible bathing costume and then she began applying suntan lotion to her nose with the end of her forefinger, frowning at herself in the Empire mirror. As for Mr. Benturian, he felt rather drowsy. He decided on a long siesta, which he hoped would fill up the afternoon so that when he woke up it would be late enough to go down on the *terrasse* and drink a Cinzano. With a little care he could make this last until it was time to go to dinner. Thus Mr. Benturian's day. Was he happy? The question is absurd. He was in Cannes, he was rich (are not all Americans rich?) and he had for his companion one of the most beautiful, witty and extravagant women in Paris. If, surrounded by all this glory, he could think of nothing better to do than take a nap, that was his business. He had paid for the suite, and it was his to do with as he pleased.

First, however, he decided to look into the Express to check on the final odds on the Derby.

When he opened the paper he was astounded to find that the Derby had already been run. Phil Drake had won at ten to one.

Mr. Benturian felt very strange. He had a queer sensation on the top of his head as though a blue light were playing over him. He wondered whether he hadn't had a fit of amnesia during which twenty-four hours had slipped away from him. "I could have sworn," he said half to himself, "that the Derby was today."

"And isn't it?" said Mlle. Séraphique from the bathroom.

"Not according to this paper," said Mr. Benturian. "It was yesterday."

"Very well," conceded Mlle. Séraphique, "it was yesterday."

"The date on this paper is the twenty-sixth," said Mr. Benturian, examining it suspiciously. "What day is today?"

"Oh, it's the twenty-sixth or the twenty-seventh or something. Bibi, you will really have to figure all this out for yourself. What is all this to me? The Derby has been run, the Derby has not been run. I positively cannot take time to decide whether a bunch of horses has or has not run around a track in England. It is after two already and there are only three more hours of sun."

"Well, it's very queer," said Mr. Benturian.

Finally he picked up the telephone and called the hotel office. It was indeed the twenty-sixth.

"If this is the twenty-sixth of May," he asked himself after he had hung up, "how can I be in possession of an English newspaper that was allegedly published in London on the evening of the twenty-sixth?"

Mystery.

Then the truth struck him like a thunderbolt. It was the Gift of the Armenians.

"Sweetheart! A miracle!" he cried.

But Mlle. Séraphique was already gone; she had left while he was telephoning.

Mr. Benturian ransacked the safe for his chequebook, stuck it in his pocket and went out, pulling on his coat as he went.

HE had no great difficulty in finding Zheemee. He was sitting at a table near the sidewalk, smoking a cigarette. It was a table he had selected with great care, taking numerous tactical factors into consideration.

When he saw Mr. Benturian coming he permitted himself a faint ironic smile. He remained seated, drawing casually at the end of a cigarette, until Mr. Benturian had almost reached him; then he arose, crushed out the cigarette with an exaggerated leisure and walked away.

Mr. Benturian had some difficulty extricating himself from the maze of tables. Zheemee had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile before he caught up with him. Jogging along on his short legs he waved and cried out weakly. At last Zheemee noticed him and turned, raising his eyebrows in mild surprise to find there was somebody following him.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Benturian, taking out his handkerchief and patting his brow. "I was about to speak to you in the hotel . . . but you left just as I was coming up."

"Did I?" said Zheemee, assuming a look of intense sorrow and concern.

It took Mr. Benturian some time to recover his breath. "Shall we sit down?" he suggested, indicating a nearby café.

"If you like."

"Would you care for some slight re

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"She had what?" asked Mr. Benturian. "A jaguar to match her ensemble," said Mlle. Seraphique

freshment? I feel the need myself."

As a matter of fact Zheemee had had three drinks during his long wait for Mr. Benturian on the terrace but it was a matter of principle with him never to refuse a voluntary gift pressed upon him by a victim. "Champagne cocktail," he said.

Mr. Benturian ordered a champagne cocktail for Zheemee and a Dubonnet for himself. When he reached for his money to pay for them he discovered he had his chequebook clutched awkwardly in his left hand. He passed it to his right hand, took it back in his left, and finally stuck it awkwardly into his coat. Zheemee watched him with a faint expression of amusement. Then was a silence. "I enjoyed our conversation of yesterday," Mr. Benturian said after a moment.

"So did I."

"I am glad," said Mr. Benturian.

"How is your charming wife?"

"She is fine," said Mr. Benturian.

"I am glad," said Zheemee.

There was another silence.

"Am I wrong," said Zheemee, "in thinking you have some special reason for wanting to see me?"

"I believed you mentioned yesterday," began Mr. Benturian, "that you sometimes accept bets on horse races from your friends?"

"Only in very large amounts," said Zheemee apologetically.

Mr. Benturian pulled his mustache and leaned forward with a conspiratorial air. "Would you consider a hundred thousand francs to be a large amount?"

Zheemee lifted his shoulders slightly in a tolerant but noncommittal gesture.

"I mention the figure only as the first that comes into my head," said Mr. Benturian. "Let us take, for example, the figure one hundred and fifty thousand francs."

"That is a very nice figure," said Zheemee.

"Let me see," said Mr. Benturian. "In dollars that would be . . ?"

"Four hundred twenty-eight dollars and fifty-seven cents," said Zheemee without apparent mental effort.

"Would you accept a bet of that amount on the Epsom Derby which is to be run this afternoon?"

"In just about an hour, I believe," said Zheemee, consulting his wrist watch.

"Exactly," said Mr. Benturian.

"For a friend?" Zheemee conceded.

Mr. Benturian got out his chequebook. "If so," he said, "I would like to put a hundred and fifty thousand francs on Phil Drake."

"To win?"

"To win."

"A fine choice," said Zheemee. "I congratulate you. I can see you are not only a gentleman but a man who understands horses." He folded the cheque in four and slipped it into his pocket.

"But I am sorry," cried Mr. Benturian. "Your drink is all gone. Will you have another?"

"Thank you," said Zheemee. "You are too kind."

MR. BENTURIAN, feeling a little feverish, went back to the hotel and lay down on the bed where for an hour or so he indulged himself in the wildest mental fancies. About four o'clock Mlle. Séraphique came back, perspiring faintly and tanned a pale apricot. Mr. Benturian was hardly aware of her entrance.

"Babi," she said from the bathroom as she rubbed cold cream into her face, "do you know what I saw on the Croisette today?"

"M mm?"

"A woman with a jaguar that matched her ensemble!"

"That's nice."

"Not her dress of course—just her shoes and accessories. It was very chic. Absolutely everybody on the Croisette was staring at her: the traffic had come to an actual standstill and three policemen were trying to untangle the cars. As soon as I saw it of course I became positively chartreuse with envy."

"What did you say she had?" said Mr. Benturian sitting up on the bed.

"A jaguar to match her ensemble!"

Mr. Benturian lay back down again. "I believe they are rather expensive," he said dubiously.

"But so chic!"

"Aren't they rather hard to handle?"

"Not if they are kept firmly under control."

"Sweetheart," said Mr. Benturian sitting up again, "my mind is rather occupied with something else right now. When the evening papers come out I may have some startling news to reveal—and then we will talk more about the Jaguar."

"What is the startling news?" demanded Mlle. Séraphique suspiciously.

"Sweetheart," said Mr. Benturian, "you remember this afternoon when I was asking you what day it was? Well . . ."

He opened the Daily Express and began turning to the sports page. But when he got as far as the editorial page something else caught his eye. Under the masthead in type so small as to be practically invisible was a small notice in French: "Printed by Mahmoud ben Youssef, 95, rue des Bouchers, Cannes."

"Well?" said Mlle. Séraphique, waiting.

"Nothing," said Mr. Benturian, folding up the paper and lying back down on the bed.

"But what was this thing you were going to tell me?"

"Never mind," said Mr. Benturian.

"And the jaguar?" she reminded him ominously.

But Mr. Benturian had another idea. He sat bolt upright and began looking around for his panama. "What time is it?" he demanded. "Ah, where is my hat? Sweetheart, I will be back in an hour. Go downstairs and enjoy yourself. Drink a Pink Lady. Eat some peanuts. But under no circumstances," he added, putting on his hat with both hands, "say anything to Señor Rugos de Feredia."

"Why not?" she demanded.

But he was gone.

MR. BENTURIAN got out of the taxi and took out the newspaper to make sure of the address, then he put it back in his pocket and walked into the shop. Mahmoud was at his customary station leaning on the counter, blinking complacently out of his round face.

"How do you do?" said Mr. Benturian, lifting his hat. "I am Alfred Benturian."

Mahmoud was visibly startled by this courtesy: it was not what he was used to. He straightened up and began backing down the counter as though he were afraid Mr. Benturian was going to apply a judo grip to him, or arrest him for counterfeiting.

"Is tobacco forbidden by the Moslem religion?" inquired Mr. Benturian. "If not, have a cigar." He got out two of his Flora Fragrantes, which a Paris tobacconist imported especially for him from

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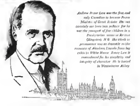

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Venezuela and of which he had only three left. They exuded a subtle exotic fragrance, an aura as of honey and palm trees.

"The Koran forbids alcoholic beverages, but it says nothing about tobacco," said Mahmoud contentedly. "Besides," he added, "I am a Christian."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Bentarian.

Mahmoud lit the cigar and clouds of violet smoke rose around him. "I will tell you something," he explained, warming up. "If I decided to do business in Africa I would become a cannibal. In Algiers I am a Moslem. In Cannes I am a Christian. Do you want to know my motto? When in Rome pretend to do like the Romans."

"An excellent motto," said Mr. Bentarian.

They puffed their cigars silently for a moment.

"And now," said Mahmoud, "in what way may I be of service to you?"

Mr. Bentarian took the Express out of his pocket and spread it out on the counter. "Did you make this paper?" he enquired.

"Yes," said Mahmoud, his uneasiness returning.

"A beautiful job," said Mr. Bentarian.

"Thank you," said Mahmoud.

"Not at all," said Mr. Bentarian. He reached back into his coat and produced another newspaper, the previous day's edition of Midi-Sport. "Can you make a paper like that?"

"Difficult," said Mahmoud, "but not impossible."

"Cost is no object," said Mr. Bentarian. "But I will have to have it in an hour's time."

"For a gentleman like you," said Mahmoud, "I can do it."

"Thank you," said Mr. Bentarian.

"Not at all," said Mahmoud.

Mr. Bentarian opened up the Midi-Sport to the racing page and explained his requirements in some detail.

"Say no more," said Mahmoud. "I understand you perfectly. You have come to the right man."

He took the newspaper into the shop in the rear. Shouts and imprecations were heard in broken French, certain persons were referred to as pigs and as lumps of ordure, and presently a weary clanking was heard, as though some gigantic and slovenly monster were arising reluctantly from repose.

Mahmoud came back and took up his place at the counter. "Your paper will be ready in twenty minutes," he said.

"Thank you," said Mr. Bentarian.

"Not at all," said Mahmoud.

They remained silent for a moment. Presently Mr. Bentarian said, "Do you want to know my motto?"

"What is it?" said Mahmoud.

"Live fairly dangerously," said Mr. Bentarian.

"That is a fine motto," said Mahmoud.

They puffed and the smoke rose in aromatic clouds around them until it filled the room.

IN the taxi Mr. Bentarian examined his freshly printed Midi-Sport with satisfaction. On the editorial page, as he expected, he discovered the small legend "Printed by Mahmoud ben Youssef, 95 rue des Berbinhes, Cannes," and cut it out with his penknife. Then he put the paper back in his pocket.

He found Zheemee exactly where he expected him: sitting in an outdoor café on the Croisette, watching the passing crowd. His table was in the very first row, separated from the sidewalk only by a low hedge, and standing with his back to the hedge was an immaculate and elegant policeman in a black uniform with a white kepi and white gloves. The proximity of the policeman made Zheemee nervous; he was of the race to whom the sight of a representative of justice is always disquieting on mere principle. Besides, his papers were not quite in order; his identity card had been incompetently forged, and he was carrying passports in two different names, both of them with his picture in them. He was just trying to catch the waiter's eye to pay his bill when, to his distinct annoyance, he saw Mr. Bentarian approaching him.

"Good afternoon," said Mr. Bentarian, raising his hat.

"Hello," said Zheemee.

"My horse won," said Mr. Bentarian proudly.

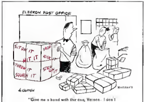
"*What?*"

"Phil Drake won. That is the horse I bet on."

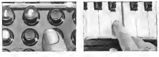
"I don't believe you," said Zheemee hoarsely.

Mr. Bentarian got out his Midi-Sport, keeping his thumb carefully over the hole he had cut with his penknife. Phil Drake's victory was announced with a two-inch headline; there was even a picture of a horse with the right number on it galloping across the finish line.

"Incredible," muttered Zheemee, distracted. "That is to say, as a matter of fact," he added, mentally reviewing item



"Give me a hand with this one, Vernon—I don't quite trust it."



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schedules 'my affairs are in an awkward certain obligations which I could you wait a couple of days?"

"To tell the truth," said Mr Benturian, I was planning on buying a little present for my wife tonight."

Zheemee cast a desperate glance over the hedge; the policeman was still standing with his white gloved hands folded behind him.

"If you don't mind," Mr Benturian added.

Zheemee shrugged, got out his chequebook and began writing out a cheque for one million eight hundred seventy five thousand francs.

IT was almost five; the shops would soon be closed. Mr Benturian put the cheque in his pocket and drove straight to the Jaguar agency in the Rue d'Antibes. The doors were still open, but there seemed to be no one on duty in the showroom. Mr Benturian amused himself for five minutes or so by examining the cars on the floor, feeling the leather upholstery in a roadster and running his finger over the excellent chrome plate on a Mark VII sedan. After a while there was a sound of cheering from the repair shop in the rear, and a very British young man in a tweed jacket with leather patches on the elbows came through the doors into the showroom. Mr Benturian by this time was sitting bolt upright in a maroon roadster, his panama square on his head, turning the steering wheel experimentally from side to side.

"I do beg your pardon, sir," said the Very British Young Man, "but I was back with the chaps in the shop listening to the finish of the Derby."

"Who won?" asked Mr Benturian, still turning the wheel back and forth.

"Phil Drake," said the Very British Young Man.

"What a coincidence!" said Mr Benturian.

"Most of the chaps in the shop are French," explained the Very British Young Man, "and they were rooting for the Volterra horse. That was the cheer you heard a minute ago. I had Acropolis myself."

"My condolences," said Mr Benturian.

"But I beg your pardon, sir," said the Very British Young Man. "What can I show you?"

"Do you have a white Jaguar XK140 roadster with black leather upholstery?"

"Indeed we do, sir," said the Very British Young Man.

"I'll take it," said Mr Benturian. "How much is it?"

"One million seven hundred and fifty thousand francs, plus license," said the Very British Young Man.

Mr Benturian got out Zheemee's cheque and endorsed it on the back with his fountain pen. "I am Alfred Benturian," he said. "You can enquire about me at the Crédit Lyonnais."

"It isn't necessary, sir. Where would you like the car delivered?"

"I'll take it with me," said Mr Benturian, putting away his fountain pen.

"Very well, sir. I'll have the chaps wheel it out," said the Very British Young Man. "You must have had luck in the Derby, sir."

"Strange and wonderful things have always happened to me," said Mr Benturian. "It is the Gift of the Armenians."

MR. BENTURIAN left the roadster with the attendants in the Carlton garage and walked around to the front of the hotel, where he found Mlle Séraphique looking annoyed at a table on the terrace. "Where have you been?" she demanded. "You go off without saying where you are going and you stay for two hours. I must say you are acting very strangely today."

"Come with me," said Mr. Benturian.

He led her around to the garage and up to the white roadster.

"Behold!" he said.

"What is that?" said Mlle Séraphique.

"That is a Jaguar XK140 roadster, white with black-leather upholstery," said Mr Benturian. "It will go very nicely with your accessories."

"Bébé," said Mlle Séraphique painstakingly, "you really should make some effort to learn the grammar of the French language. *Une Jaguar*, feminine gender, capital 'J,' is an automobile; *c'est une voiture*. *Un jaguar*, masculine gender, small 'j,' is a small animal of the feline family indigenous to Brazil."

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr Benturian dazedly.

"The woman on the Croisette," Mlle Séraphique explained, "was leading a small spotted wildcat on a leash."

Mr Benturian was silent for a moment. "I was *trying* to please you," he said.

"You are a species of idiot," said Mlle Séraphique. "Why oh why didn't I marry somebody with brains? Somebody with *savoir faire*! Someone like Zheemee!"

"Let us kiss and make up," suggested Mr Benturian plaintively.

"You give me a pain," said Mlle. Séraphique, "a real physical pain right here between my eyes, in the bridge of my nose."

Later they went to dinner in a taxicab, leaving the Jaguar in the garage. The restaurant had a number of asterisks after it in the Michelin guide, but the celery had brown spots and the soup was cold. Mlle Séraphique had sunk into a dangerous brooding. "There are flies in here," she complained. "Call the waiter and have them driven out."

"Most women would love to have a Jaguar roadster," said Mr Benturian.

"Oh shut up!" burst out Mlle Séraphique. It was too much for her. She flung down her napkin and flounced through the tables toward the door, but found she had forgotten her evening wrap and had to come back for it.

"Sweetheart," began Mr Benturian.

"Go play with your Jaguar!" she flung over her shoulder as she left.

The waiter had finally come up.

"There are flies in here," said Mr Benturian.

"Flies?" said the waiter. "Impossible."

Mr Benturian pointed to the tablecloth, where two flies were walking around the sugar bowl and a third was circling for a landing.

The waiter shrugged. "All I can say," he replied, "is that monsieur must have brought them in with him."

Their exit resembled a procession. First came Mlle Séraphique, stalking along carrying her own wrap. Mr Benturian followed a dozen paces behind her, pulling on his coat, and last of all came the waiter, shooing the flies after them with his napkin.

"Sweetheart," Mr Benturian told her on the sidewalk, "please remember that my only thought was for your happiness. I will take the Jaguar back tomorrow."

"I did not say I did not want it," said Mlle Séraphique, pronouncing each word distinctly. "The point is that I said I wanted something else."

"Sweetheart," said Mr Benturian, "believe me, all will be arranged."

And so it was, except that the jaguar gnawed a hole in the leather upholstery of the roadster, necessitating some rather expensive repairs, and also the jaguar ate some of the leather and had to be taken to the veterinary. But neither of these was the fault of Mr Benturian. ★

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How we've saved our house from Lake Ontario

Continued from page 24

a Toronto businessman who moved there when I was twelve. It was then considered so far out in the country that his friends were aghast at his pioneer spirit but he bought a two-story frame house that stood about twenty feet from the bluff intending to build farther back later on. Then the Depression came along and he couldn't afford to do anything but stay in the house he was in. By the time he realized this which was about two years after he had moved in the bluff had eroded back eight feet.

But my Dad, a very energetic Irishman, is not a man to sit around and weep in his beer. If he has a problem he does something about it. He began to study the situation. The bluffs are composed entirely of easily eroded gravel, sand and blue boulder clay deposited by the receding glaciers of the Ice Age. Most of the erosion takes place in spring. The bluff recedes from six inches to four feet a year. The greatest causes of this are the undermining action of the waves, lake currents that scour sand from the shore of the bluffs and deposit it at Toronto Islands, opposite Toronto harbor, surface water that forms streams that eat back into the bluff, and springs that cause gouging and sliding.

My Dad made arrangements with several firms of auto wreckers to have them dump old car bodies down the bluff in an attempt to hold the beach. As many as five or six loads a day arrived, and we spent one whole summer arranging old Essexes, Fords and Durants side by side with their backs to the lake and lacing them together with wire or cable. We took the doors off and turned them upside down to fill the back windows, then filled the bodies with sand.

"The place haunts you"

Bad storms finally washed out most of the cars, but they had slowed down the erosion. Many of the cars lodged themselves part way up the bluff. Tons of metal that my father, my brother and myself shoved down the bluff are still visible today under the dense undergrowth. When my Dad bought this property, neighbors gave him three years; that is, the optimists did. The pessimists gave him one year. Today, twenty-seven years later, the house is still there. But it wouldn't be if he hadn't done something about it.

I left home when I was eighteen. After I married I kept coming back to the bluffs for visits. The place kind of haunts you. My wife and I had bought a house in North Toronto which we rented when I went into the army. We sold it in the summer of 1947 and moved temporarily into the lower room of a house that my father was building next to his own. In the fall we were so in love with the place that we began to wonder if we should buy it. We talked about it one night at supper.

"It's beautiful," Mollie said. "It would be like living in a summer cottage all year 'round."

"Well, if we're going to buy it we'd better decide fast," I told her. "I've learned that someone else has made Dad an offer."

It was one of those decisions that are a bit frightening, but we made up our minds that evening. I had looked the bluff over and it looked pretty good to me. Besides, I knew something about coping with erosion.

Mollie and I used my father's place for holidays for the time being. I borrowed here and there and started to get the house finished. I put in a chimney, oil furnace, partitions, plumbing and floors. I had the plastering done by a very dramatic little man who kept looking at the house, then the bluff, clapping his hand to his forehead and saying, "Oy, you, you bought yourself a headache!"

I began to wonder if he was right one night in January 1948 after a heavy rain when, about three in the morning, Mollie woke me up. I heard her voice in the dark saying, "Tim, listen! I hear water. It sounds as if it's right in the room."

We were used to hearing the lake, but now we had the eeriest feeling that it was surging right under our bed. For a minute I had an idea that we'd slid down the bluff. Our house is on the very edge; in fact the sun-deck overhangs it.

I finally got my wits collected. "Well, if we're in the lake we'd better do something about it."

I switched on the light. A sheet of water was pouring in the back door, under our bed and out the front of the house. I found that eight inches of water had piled up behind my house, then had found a weak spot near our septic tank and started right through our house to reach the lake below.

Mollie said, "Well, we wanted the sound of water. We've got it."

The beach vanished

But I was totally unprepared for what happened in the spring. When the ice went out there was no beach below us. The water came right up to the bluffs. I knew what this meant. A beach is the only protection against erosion. As long as the waves have a beach to break on, the bluffs are untouched.

Now the waves were crashing against the cliff itself, and I knew what was going to happen if it kept up. But I felt that the lake would go down soon to a normal level and that we might still escape any serious damage. The lake didn't go down. There was no beach all summer. The lake was at a record high that year. The mean water level of Lake Ontario is 245.86 feet above sea level. During 1948 the mean level rose to above 248 feet.

The abnormally high water level on Lake Ontario was accompanied by stronger-than-usual southeasterly winds, the worst kind for us. This was bad enough, but things got worse. The lake stayed that way all summer, and the following spring it was just as high. It was the first time two consecutive years of such high water had occurred since 1930, and only the third time since 1860.

I began waking up when there was a bad storm, picturing those waves eating in toward my house. I could feel the house tremble when chunks went down from the face. I knew Mollie was aware of what was happening, but most women have a tendency to put an emotional veil around situations like this—either that or they put great confidence in their husbands.

It had always been hard to get Mollie to go down the bluff, and for good reason. It now presented quite a formidable sight. About half the guests who come to my home walk into the living room and say "What a beautiful view!" Then they step

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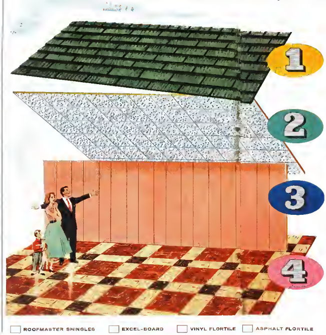

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"Seven foot waves lashed the cliff. Our home was menaced, but the lake's fury thrilled us"

toward the window and stop very short. Sometimes they back up a little. The sheer drop is starting to the mainland.

But as the summer of 1948 passed and there was no subsiding of the water I thought it was time that Mollie and I talked this thing over openly, and late one stormy autumn afternoon I told her that I'd like her to come down the cliff with me as far as we could go to see what was happening.

"Thanks all the same. I'll stay up here," she said.

"Mollie, this is important. There's nothing to be afraid of."

It didn't take her long to realize that something special was behind my request. Finally she said, "Well, all right, if you promise to hold my hand all the way."

We clambered down as far as we could go. This was to a point about fifty feet above the lake. The rest was a perpendicular drop right into the water. There was a strong southeasterly wind blowing up waves seven feet high from crest to hollow. They were breaking against the blue boulder clay on the face of the cliff and throwing up spray to where we were sitting. In some ways we enjoyed it. Even with the fear and terror of seeing what was happening and knowing that there was eventual danger of everything being washed out from underneath us, we couldn't help being thrilled by the fierceness of the thing.

To flee or to fight?

People don't make very memorable remarks at a time like this. Mollie turned to me and said "Oh Tim!" But there was a lot of meaning in those two words. I knew that she had the same vision I had—of the day not far off when we would be forced to remove our belongings from the house and leave it to await its fate.

"Tim, what are we going to do?"

"I don't know exactly." I got to my feet and looked up at the Bird's Nest. To me it still looked like the best house in Toronto with the best view. And I knew it did to Mollie. There's no doubt about it, the course of your life changes at moments like this. I said, "But I know one thing. I'm going to do something."

We still weren't having erosion at the top, but I knew what was going to happen in a few years if things kept on the way they were going. So I started my first counteroffensive. My father had had some big thousand-gallon tanks off Shell Oil trucks put down the cliff. He had come to the conclusion that it was mass that was required. For the most part the lake will leave a five-ton stone alone, but anything less than that has little chance of holding its position against the force of the waves. There were three of these big tanks near the base of the cliff. My first job was to get them right down to the bottom.

One of them was in a spot that made rolling it very difficult. My brother came over to give me a hand and we worked out a strategy. Although the tank was a heavy brute, it was lying on a steep angle and most of the weight was at the bottom. We figured that by lifting it to a sharper angle, propping it, taking a rest, then lifting again, we could eventually topple it over. We got a kid from next door to stand by ready to lodge a pole underneath the tank when we lifted. We gave him a thorough briefing. My brother got on one side and I on the other. By considerable straining we got the tank up into position. Then the boy dropped the pole. He stood there mesmerized. We couldn't let the tank fall. We couldn't jump. We couldn't get out from under. The boy had panicked completely and had started to bolt. It was my brother who somehow managed to get him to come back, probably because he used a much more colorful brand of language than I do. The boy eventually performed his part of the job.

But the strain had been too much for me. I pulled a ligament in my back. A few days later it developed into such a burning pain that I couldn't sleep, and eventually I had to take extensive treatments for it. I was studying for an arts course at the University of Toronto at the time under the DVA, and I began missing so much time and study that I had to give it up.

But when you fail at one thing there is probably a subconscious determination to succeed at something else. I became doubly determined to win my battle with the cliff. When my back was better I got a job as a Toronto streetcar and bus operator, a job I chose because it would give me daylight hours to work on the cliff and also because I could volunteer to do extra runs to make money for materials. I began buying old oil tanks as fast as I could afford them from an oil refinery. They cost me from ten to twenty-five dollars each. I would work them down to the bottom of the cliff, cut openings in the tops with an acetylene outfit and fill them with sand. I welded together one group of seven thousand-gallon tanks, forming a long sand-filled metal tube along the base of the cliff.

I would get up at five in the morning, report in to work at six, take out an early morning run and be home by nine, have my breakfast and be down to work on the cliff until three or four in the afternoon. I would take another run out then and be back at seven or seven thirty, with time to do some more work before dark.

But I soon saw encouraging results. I've discovered that if you study nature a bit and work with her she'll co-operate with you. It wasn't long before drift

Who is it?

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wood and sand began to pile up behind the tanks. The driftwood would be continually coming and going, but there was always some there forming a protective wave break.

At about this time I was fortunate in acquiring some twenty-eight-foot reinforced [illegible] barges which I believe were used in wartime for bridge pontoons. I began to manufacture my own concrete blocks to sink the barges with when I got them into position opposite my shore line. When everything was ready I went along the beach and up the bluff to dig the barges out of the bank where they had become embedded, rolled them down to the beach on domestic hot water boilers, launched them and poled them over the water to my place.

I was beginning to get some weight down at the bottom of my bluff and felt that I was making real progress. Then I ran into other problems, more complicated than the erosion I had been watching: the base of my neighbor's cliff start to go. On these bluffs what looks alright from the top looks altogether different from the bottom or from a side angle. I could see the bluff changing next to me. But it was not my property. In many cases in this area such as ours, the property line doesn't run at right angles to the shore line, yet the line of erosion comes in at almost a right angle, thus traversing one, two or three property lines. In other words, looking down from the top, the property on the beach and part way up the bluff could be your neighbor's. To protect forty-five feet of my property at the top, I had to work on three hundred feet at the bottom.

In fairness to those who aren't engaged in this work, especially women, who don't understand the mechanics of erosion, there's something to be said for their point of view. All that inexperienced onlookers could see was a madman digging like fury at the base of their bluff as if the cliff wasn't caving in fast enough for him. Whenever there was a cave-in the obvious thing to say was that Mr. Palmer had been down there just half an hour previously, digging.

I could understand it, but it was rather embarrassing to find myself in danger of being booted off by the police and to lose valuable time in explanations. I explained until my face was the color of the boulder clay that if somebody didn't do something down there there was going to be more serious erosion.

When it started to go from the top end to the rest of us it did a spectacular job. By 1951 it was alarmingly noticeable and in the following years a great chunk dropped off the top, forming a vast concave bight, the western edge of which came up almost flush with my eastern foundation. It was particularly trying to me because I knew from experience that it could at least be slowed down and probably stopped, as had been proven in the case of my Dad's original home.

Twenty three agents, no sale

My place had cost me $11,500 by the time I put the oil furnace in. Now instead of going up a thousand dollars a year, which other properties of comparable value were doing, it was going down a thousand dollars a year because of the appearance of the bluff around it. I felt I couldn't sell the place under false pretenses, although I have seen some taken in and they themselves having no qualms about doing the same thing to someone else. If we left the house and built at the back of the lot we could face the same problem at some future date. Anyway, we had put everything we owned into the house. If we let it go we would have no money to do anything, let alone build another house.

To help with finances, I rented a room on the lower level. Then in 1955 I decided to put the house in the hands of a real-estate man for three months on an honor basis. He was to tell prospects the exact situation about the bluff and what could be done. He was very interested in it as an unusual property, so much so that twenty-two other agents came down to see it, but they felt that too much of their time would be lost trying to sell it or explain it. And down in

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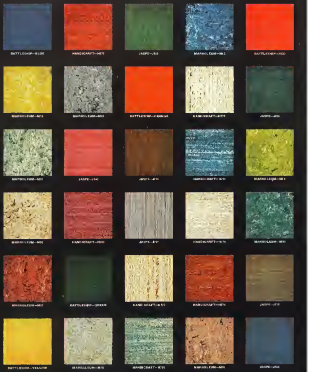

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"The sandslip buried me to my mouth. I couldn't turn. I couldn't yell. I could scarcely breathe"

our hearts Mollie and I were glad that no offers came through. Right from the time we listed it we were half hoping we wouldn't sell it. I felt now I'd bought the place I should make the best of it. It had become part of my life and by now our twin daughters were learning to love it too.

But I couldn't do very much until my neighbors relented. I don't know whether my persistence had anything to do with it but finally they gave permission to work on the cliff. I got busy like a bunny. The edge was now almost up to the side foundation of my home. I began to terrace the face of the cliff with thirty-five rows of timbers. I built two retaining walls close to my foundation to give more substantial protection to the eastern side of the home.

I had to dig six feet into the ground vertically for these walls. One day while I was working in the trench the side began to slide down on me. I realized what was happening and started to stand up straight but the sand caught me slightly stooped and buried me right up to my mouth. I started blowing the rolling sand away from my mouth and tried to yell but I couldn't get any volume. I knew that if I could just straighten up another two inches I could yell. But try as I would I couldn't. This might seem hard to believe but the muscles in my legs showed bruises afterward from my efforts to move. I couldn't budge. I couldn't turn my head. I couldn't do anything. I could barely breathe because of the pressure. The perspiration from my body couldn't evaporate and I was getting uncomfortably wet.

"I was in the cliff"

I knew that as soon as the sand got a chance to dry it would start rolling down and it would take only a few spoonsful in my direction to stop me breathing. As it was I was alive only because of an old navy issue helmet I'd put on to protect my head from falling pebbles. I was facing the bank and the helmet turned onto the back of my head made a little ledge of sand with enough air-space in front for me to breathe.

I heard my wife calling me for lunch. I was only thirty feet from where she stood on the sun-deck and in full view of her, that is, if she could have seen me, but my cries of "Mollie! Mollie!" were so feeble that I couldn't make her hear. Finally when she did hear the sound of my voice it was so faint that at first she thought I was down on the beach, then she thought I was having some fun hiding from her. It's a lucky thing for me that she decided to indulge me and follow up the game of hide and seek. She told me later she had leaned over the railing of the sun-deck studying the cliff, turning her head to catch the faint sound of my "Mollie! Mollie!" After what seemed ages I knew she'd finally realized that I wasn't playing games, and that I wasn't on the cliff but in it.

She flew through the house, down the cellar stairs and out onto the cliff calling, in terror, "Tim, where are you? I can't find you."

"Over here," I kept calling. "Over here!"

She walked right over to me and still couldn't see me. Then finally she saw the little shell and looking out of it, my two anxious eyes. I could see that it was taking all her will power to keep from fainting.

"Well, come on," I told her. "Get me out of here."

"Tell me what to do, dear. Tell me what to do."

"Now don't get panicky," I told her. "There's a shovel around here somewhere. Get it and start digging."

She found it and began digging frantically. She dug right into me. I yelled "Ouch!" and she said, "Tim, I'm going to go for help."

She was trembling so that she could hardly hold the shovel and I knew that she was thinking if she ever passed out I wouldn't have a chance.

Fortunately our tenant has a job that gives him many holidays, and it was a bank holiday. He came over and started to dig. And did he dig! It took him half an hour, working like fury, to get me out of the cliff.

Up until last year I always felt that Mollie and I were in danger of losing everything. Now I feel that we are over the hump and that in time we will be able to relax our physical effort although never our vigilance. Our property is gaining in value due to the work done on the cliff. Soon we hope to be back where we started financially. I feel too that more people will in time come to see this as a community problem. Already some people whose homes are too far back to be threatened have shown an admirable spirit of co-operation in helping those involved. Another group close to the cliff farther east from me have split the cost and the labor of putting in groynes, structures of railway ties that jut into the lake to catch the drifting sand and create a beach.

The work on my place isn't done yet. I'll have to make use of all the time I have free from the job I now hold with a business machine company. I have to do more terracing. I have to spend more money. But money can't buy anything more valuable than contentment and I'm content. I'm not sorry for a minute's work I've done on my home. Fighting the cliff has brought me closer to nature and has done me a lot of good morally and spiritually. It's a Christian experience to stick with a thing like this instead of backing out of it. The answers to life aren't found in evading problems, but in facing them intelligently and in having faith. And our faith is stronger than ever that I made the right decision when I decided to struggle to keep my home. ★

September Morn

Bong, bong, bong goes the back door chime—
And here's small Al for the seventh time—
No truth at least since nine to say
"Is Billy coming out to play?"
Once again I'll explain it, Al—
Kindergarten has claimed your pal.
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No tricycle trains up the avenue,
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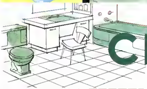

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He shuns flag waving, but for struggling young Canadian actors he's ready with a helping hand

feels faintly foolish on election day when he recalls that he can't vote.

In spite of his insistence that he disapproves of chauvinism Whitehead is an unobtrusive but potent patron of Canadian theatre. Last winter he used his influence to arrange interviews with hard-to-see headliners to help Tom Patterson, founder of the Stratford Shakespearean Festival, who had come to New York to shop for this season's stars. Whitehead also keeps in touch with Canadian actors struggling for a toe hold in the violent competition for Broadway roles. Actor-writer Donald Harron, who has been in New York for three years, recently commented: "When I first came here to look for work I did something unusual—I didn't go to Bob Whitehead." Last winter Whitehead hired Harron anyway for a role in Separate Tables.

Whitehead has dropped few clinkers in the ten years he has been producing plays but one of them by unfortunate coincidence was the Stratford Festival's Broadway debut in January 1956 in Christopher Marlowe's wordy Tamburlaine the Great. Tamburlaine closed with graceless speed but Whitehead, when chided about it by Canadian relatives, never bothers to explain that the choice of the play wasn't his.

One of the most striking commendations of Whitehead's talent as a producer came early this year when he was approached by the New York Herald Tribune's tough and brilliant critic Walter Kerr. Kerr and his wife Jean had written a musical, Goldilocks, and they had decided to ask Whitehead to produce it. Whitehead accepted with some uneasy reservations about the awkwardness of an alliance with a critic. Shortly after the deal was set for production this winter it was apparent that Kerr felt unfettered by the odd partnership. Reviewing his producer's final play of the past season, A Hole in the Head, Kerr wrote tersely: 'The hole is in the middle.'

Veteran Broadway hands can't recall any other active producer presenting as many as six plays in a single season—A Hole in the Head made the half dozen—but Whitehead is accustomed to multiplicity of effort. In 1950 he produced five plays and four of them were hits. Asked during the run of Tamburlaine what other productions of his were also running in New York, Whitehead reflected: "Well, there's Bus Stop and . . ." He stopped, appalled. "Good heavens, Bus Stop is all I have!"

As a producer, the man who co-ordinates, defends and defines the work of the director, cast, set designer, publicity department, playwright and stage manager, Whitehead spends much of his time in the rarefied reaches of polite diplomacy. He is remarkably effective in dealing with volatile folk because he disguises his reso-

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2 MILESTONES

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him determination with cheerfulness, charm and a certain seedy shyness. Whitehead is implacable once he has decided on his course but he gives the appearance of continual retreat. He dresses with a dowdiness that some feel is calculated. His suits are pin-striped with matching vests, his shirts have stiff collars reminiscent of Woodrow Wilson's and his ties are diffident. "He's so provincial looking," a Broadway columnist once remarked, "that he's ostentatious." Even Whitehead's face is neat, with a proper-looking mustache, a tidy arrangement of silvering hair and bland grey eyes.

He has great sensitivity to the turbulent moods of the theatre and frequently demonstrates a skill for tactfulness. Prior to an opening night he stays away from the garish and gay audience and loiters backstage where he makes soothing and patting comments to his rattled men. Many performers, as he well knows, are so nervous on opening nights that they are physically ill. Don Harron, waiting tensely in the wings just before the curtain rose on Separate Tables, was approached by Whitehead. "You've been looking for roles for the past three years," Whitehead told him warmly. "Well, I just want you to know that I'll be phoning you for the rest of your life." Harron, in relating the incident, always stresses that the high value of the remark was that it was made *before* his performance.

A member of the cast of The Sleeping Prince, a play that last season was ruthlessly attacked by New York critics, recalls that Whitehead turned up backstage the night after the opening. "Bob Whitehead had been only one of about four producers of that turkey," the actress reports, "but he was waiting for us all alone. He gave a short embarrassed speech somehow praising us all. It was so wonderfully kind that it enabled us to go on."

Whitehead, however, is not always infallible in his dealings. His most notable failure occurred with Judith Anderson, the strong-willed star of his first production, Medea. Whitehead attempted to suggest to Miss Anderson that she curb some of her exuberant dramatics during her performance. The actress was enraged and for a considerable proportion of the run of Medea star and producer were not speaking. Whitehead spent weeks with Clifford Odets, brilliant but uncertain playwright spawned in the Depression, patiently waiting for Odets to complete his play The Flowering Peach, which Whitehead produced in 1954. Odets talked learnedly of nature, ships and law but rarely of theatre. "The only thing wrong with him as a playwright," observed Whitehead afterwards, "is that he hates writing plays." The third act of The Flowering Peach was put together after rehearsals had started, from scraps of dialogue and plot written on menus, cigarette boxes and match folders.

Whitehead conducts his operations from a white-walled office on the sixth floor of a building that houses a Broadway movie house. The room is furnished with abstract paintings, a black concert piano, a long grey sofa facing a marble-topped coffee table and two cluttered desks back to back. Shelves under opaque windows hold books on theatre and plywood models of stage sets. Whitehead apologizes to newcomers for the glazed windows.

"I used to have a marvellous view of Broadway through these windows," he mourns. "They've put a big sign six stories high and a block long over all the windows. You should have seen it when it advertised *Baby Doll*."

"Can't you complain about it?"

"Not exactly," he replies, looking uncomfortable. "We own the building."

The building—in fact, the entire block on Broadway between 45th and 46th Streets—is owned by City Investing Company, one of the largest real-estate firms in the United States. The president of City Investing, which also owns or controls six theatres in New York, is Robert W. Dowling. Dowling, with Roger L. Stevens, who heads the syndicate that in 1951 purchased the Empire State Building for roughly fifty million dollars, is Whitehead's partner in the producing firm called Producers Theatre Inc. The two real-estate tycoons are fascinated with theatre but too busy for any but the large decisions, such as "Let's do it." Whitehead is the active producer in the unit.

Complicated as the interlocking arrangement of Producers Theatre and City Investing already is, Whitehead has devised some extensions that are an auditor's nightmare. There is a corporate organization called Whitehead-Stevens, which produces plays that Dowling dislikes, and another, Robert Whitehead Productions, which does the plays that both Stevens and Dowling reject. All have their main office in the same room—Whitehead's office.

WHITEHEADS AT WORK: Producer and wife Virginia study scripts and costume designs in their New York home.

"I've been here almost a year," Whitehead's secretary recently observed, "and I haven't figured it out yet. I think Mr. Whitehead has something to do with the Playwrights Company down the hall, but I'm afraid to ask. I don't know what I'd do if he answered yes." (Whitehead isn't a member of Playwrights, but Stevens is.)

Whitehead is comfortable in this moneyed maze partially because he is accustomed to wealth. His father, W. T. Whitehead, who died when Robert was four, was a successful importer and textile manufacturer in Montreal. His mother was Lena Labatt, a member of the brewing dynasty. Robert Labatt Ward, the Whiteheads' second son, was born in 1916 and educated mostly in private schools. He spent his summers in the Muskoka lake country north of Toronto with his cousin Hume Cronyn and the two passed the time enacting plays.

When he was nineteen Whitehead left school to become a photographer. He liked cameras but grew restive at the subjects presented him—office buildings and the contents of coffins in funeral parlors. A year later in 1936 he drove to New York and sold his car to bankroll himself for a career as an actor.

He found the New York stage embroiled in a rival war between elegance

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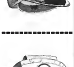

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and tenderness. Until Eugene O'Neill began to write plays about the American scene that were filled with stark characters and bitter realism, many dramas done in New York tended to be European imports, and performers imitated English accents and continental manners. A new kind of acting had to be evolved to conform to O'Neill and, following him, Clifford Odets. From this necessity the Group Theatre was begun. Its followers, dubbed "vulgarians in dirty shirts," included founders Lee Strasberg and Harold Clurman, Elia Kazan, Van Heflin and Odets, who wrote for them.

The two styles of acting fought bitterly, each despising the other. Whitehead was straddled in a curious position. His sympathy was entirely with the honesty and vigor of the new movement but he was better suited to the "Anyone for tennis?" school. He lived in a rooming house, got small parts in the winter and drove a truck, built scenery and stage-managed for stock companies in the summer. Sometimes he got parts on radio soap operas.

When war broke out Whitehead returned to Montreal to enlist and was advised to wait until there was an opening at a naval officers school. He returned to New York and discovered that a faster way to get into the war was with the American Field Service driving an ambulance. He served with the 8th Army, saw the battles of Tobruk, El Alamein, Tunisia, Anzio and Cassino. Shivering in Italy in the winter he volunteered for Burma. "I just wanted to get warm," he explains. He served in the jungle until the atom bomb ended the war.

He returned to the U.S. on the first day of 1946. New York looked strange so he wandered to California. "I formed the philosophy that a real contribution to society lay in doing nothing, since every action has the possibility of harming someone," Whitehead recalls. He spent months testing this theory on the flat of his back on a beach. Eventually, with a sigh, he abandoned it and returned to New York.

He renewed acquaintances with a buddy of the Anzio beach, Oliver Rea. They resumed a discussion they had started in a foxhole about becoming Broadway producers with lofty standards. "Why not?" they asked one another. They decided to begin with Medea, a Greek drama newly translated by the poet Robinson Jeffers. They obtained an option cheaply because Jeffers had been waiting five years to have his play produced. Four producers had taken options, only to drop them.

Rea and Whitehead estimated that they would need seventy-five thousand dollars to produce Medea. Rea had money and Whitehead had inherited some from his mother, who died while he was in North Africa. Between them they put twenty-five thousand dollars toward the cost of Medea. Rea went after the rest, assisted by a former actress named Terry Fay who concentrated on small investors such as waiters, secretaries and switchboard operators. It took a year to collect.

Whitehead's job was to sign the cast. He wrote Judith Anderson and won her agreement to star by concentrating his arguments on the meatiness of the part, disdaining her questions about financing. John Gielgud consented to direct the production and was incurious about money, fortunately. With Gielgud and Anderson in the stable, fund raising became easier. The play opened in October 1947 and was acclaimed. One of the major successes of the season, it paid off the backers in seven weeks. Whitehead, then only thirty-one, was widely praised as a boy wonder and had no trouble raising eighty thousand dollars for an adaptation of Dostoevsky's Crime and Punishment that Gielgud wanted to do. Crime and Punishment opened in December and closed eight weeks later with a loss of forty thousand dollars. The boy wonder was no longer considered wonderful.

The partners continued to look at scripts, most of them submitted only in desperation after all other producers had turned them down. In 1948 Whitehead married the former Virginia Bolen, a dancer and singer whom he had hired for the soundness of her taste in decor, casting and costumes. Terry Fay remained in the tiny office. A year passed with an untranquil lack of activity.

In 1949 Whitehead read Carson McCullers' first play, an adaptation of her novel The Member of the Wedding. Its plot was a wisp but Whitehead was fascinated. "I saw the casting immediately," he recalls.

He found an unknown, Julie Harris, whom he had admired in a bit part in a flop play. She agreed to play the part of a twelve-year-old. Whitehead pursued a reluctant night-club singer, Ethel Waters, to play the lead and finally got her signature on a contract in a basement night club in Detroit toward four one morning. He found the other main character, seven-year-old Brandon de Wilde, by walking in and out of New York classrooms.

Backers recoiled sharply from the project. Whitehead needed forty thousand dollars and contributions came in small shabby amounts. He and Rea put the last of their capital, thirteen thousand dollars, into the kitty but the production was still short twenty-five thousand dollars a few days before the rehearsals were scheduled to begin. A friend of Whitehead's grandly wrote a cheque.

Member of the Wedding opened in January 1950. It won the New York Drama Critics' Circle Award and the Donaldson Award and was beaten for the Pulitzer Prize by South Pacific. The venerable Times critic Brooks Atkinson wrote at the conclusion of a glowing review: "It isn't a play, but it's art."

Viewing the lineup outside the box office a few days later, a friend of Whitehead's commented sardonically: "Think what might have happened if you'd had a play."

The following season Whitehead was managing director of American National Theatre and Academy, an organization chartered by the U.S. Congress to promote theatre. He produced five plays for ANTA, among them a revival of Odets' Golden Boy, starring the late John Garfield, and then quit. He disagreed vehemently with ANTA's board on the definition of quality in the theatre.

His stubborn defense of his principles impressed two members of the board, Dowling and Stevens. In 1953 they approached him to form Producers Theatre with them. Whitehead accepted and brought into the new organization all his former associates—Terry Fay to be casting director, her husband Oscar Olesen as general manager, Barry Hyams, his publicity director since Medea, and his wife, who continues to help "teasing," Whitehead calls it, to stage design and costumes.

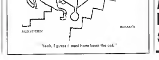
In recent years Whitehead's surpassing failure has been a thing called The Emperor's Clothes. It was a thundering disaster and lost sixty thousand dollars. Whitehead has framed one of the placards advertising The Emperor's Clothes in the reception room of his office.

"The same people usually invest in my plays year after year," he observes. "I got them their money back the next season, thank heavens, with Bus Stop. Bus Stop earned its investors three hundred percent profit."

This coming season, in addition to the musical Goldilocks by Walter and Jean Kerr with LeRoy Anderson, Whitehead will launch two touring companies of his last season's hits, Separate Tables and The Waltz of the Toreadors. For Whitehead it will be a quiet season, giving him plenty of time to reflect on the catastrophe, The Emperor's Clothes.

"I don't know what went wrong with that production, but it just didn't come off," he murmurs. "But I'd do it again, even knowing what would happen. It was worth doing."

Comments Harold Clurman, who has directed more than fifty Broadway plays: "Whitehead is the best producer on the continent. Everything he does is worth doing." ★



"Yeah, I guess it must have been the cat."

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W-456

What the pipeline will do for Canada

Continued from page 26

Gas spending: $2 million a day to find it; 200 millions to process it; 600 millions to move it

more than twenty-four trillion cubic feet of natural gas. Even at bargain-basement gas-field prices that's close to two and a half billion dollars' worth of energy. In the absence of a market for gas, the cost of finding it has been written off against oil. So the companies can sell gas cheap and still be in money.

Over the past ten years oil companies have spent three billion dollars for exploration in Canada. In the next ten years, predicts Carl Nickle, millionaire publisher of Calgary's Daily Oil Bulletin, they'll spend three times as much. Here is the pipeline's first effect: an extra two million dollars a day for prairie people to spend.

The oil boom shows us what this signifies. In the five years following Leduc manufacturing in Alberta grew five times as fast as in the rest of Canada.

This brings us to the second impact of gas: as a raw material. Gas as it comes from the ground is "wet." It's a mixture of hydrocarbons: natural gasoline, methane, ethane, propane, butane and others. Often it's "sour," which means it contains sulphur. Almost pure methane goes into the pipeline. The other hydrocarbons and the sulphur must be removed first.

Here lies one of the brightest prospects confronting the west today. At the big gas field of Pincher Creek British American Oil has just finished building Alberta's third sulphur plant. Now under way are two plants to remove ethane, propane and butane. From butane comes butadiene, the raw material for synthetic rubber, and the Polymer Corporation has just bought a butadiene plant site at Red Deer, Alta. All told, to get the gas from the ground and take out the hydrocarbons, petrochemical companies will spend an initial 250 to 300 million dollars.

Hydrocarbons are the building blocks of the chemical industry. They can be separated and re-combined into thousands of products from DDT to cosmetics, from drugs to explosives. Natural gas is the raw material for three out of four chemical plants now being built in the U.S. And chemicals are the most dynamic industry in the U.S. economy.

This dynamism can be seen in the Edmonton plant of Canadian Chemical Company Limited, a seventy-five-million-dollar giant built in 1953 to make textile yarns and fibres. The fibres are made from acetate flake. The flake is made from pulpwood and gas. But the process yields by-products, the ingredients for quick-drying paints, varnishes, plastics, insecticides, antifreeze and formaldehyde for plywood glue. So to lower its price tag on fibre the company turns out these products as well. By-products are pulling chemical companies along at a pellmell pace.

The world's appetite for chemicals is insatiable. A twenty-three-million-dollar plant has just been completed at Medicine Hat to turn the invisible hydrocarbons in gas into fertilizer. Du Pont is planning a huge expansion near Brockville, Ont.—using pipeline gas as a raw material—it will produce enough methane to heat fifty thousand homes. At Millhaven, Ont., C-I-L plans to make ammonia from methane. From ammonia comes cyanide. From cyanide comes Plexiglas. There's no end to the chemical chain reaction gas can bring. Already, says A. P. Craig, vice-president of Trans-Canada, firms that intend to use the pipeline's gas as a raw material are planning to spend two hundred million expanding.

Most ambitious of all these plans is a second seventy-five-million-dollar pipeline to pump hydrocarbons east from Alberta to the lakehead, where a petrochemical industry could use the *deep-sea* route opened up by the St. Lawrence Seaway. The planner is Canadian Hydrocarbons, a Winnipeg firm selling propane gas in metal cylinders to sixty thousand rural prairie customers.

Just to move the gas will set in motion a third chain of events. The gas producers are spending fifty-two million dollars on small-bore pipe to connect their wells with Trans-Canada's main artery. Trans-Canada is spending 378 millions. The gas utilities are spending some 200 millions to enlarge their plants, install new mains and build new lines.

ANSWER TO

Who is it? on page 54

Jackie Parker, American star halfback of the champion Edmonton Eskimos and reportedly the highest-paid football player in Canada.

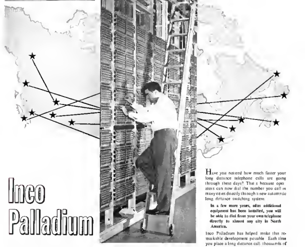
Raising the money means work for almost every stock and bond broker in Canada. Spending it means jobs for about eight thousand construction workers and added business for hundreds of merchants along the pipeline route. It means one million tons of freight for railway, steamship and truck lines. It means a new Canadian industry—new plants in Welland, Sault Ste. Marie, Regina and Edmonton—to make the steel pipe needed to move the gas.

But these are preliminaries to the pipeline's chief effect: a battle of fuels in the three hundred towns and cities it will serve. Gas is challenging oil for the home-heating market. It's muscling in on electricity's long-held field of home appliances. It's raiding coal's industrial domain.

The tide of battle will turn largely on how much the gas can be sold for. It won't cost Trans-Canada much in Alberta: ten cents an MCF (one thousand cubic feet, roughly six gallons of fuel oil). But every hundred miles Trans-Canada moves that MCF adds a cent and a half to two cents to its cost. So the farther a customer is from the gas fields the more he will pay for gas.

Secondly, gas, like everything else, is cheaper to sell in bulk. As Oakah Jones, vice-president of Consumers' Gas of Toronto, says, "The more customers we serve the more natural gas we sell, and the more we sell the lower we can make the rate."

Inco Metals at Work in Canada



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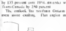
Thirdly a gas company must have enough gas on tap to supply a home owner's peak periods. He'll need perhaps fifteen times as much on a cold winter's day as in summer. To balance this the company sells "off-peak gas" cheap to industry in summer, with the right to stop delivery on notice if need be. Many plants can switch in a couple of minutes from coal to oil or gas and back again, whichever is cheapest.

The coal companies claim it costs about fifty cents to bring a thousand cubic feet of gas into Toronto while the same amount of energy in the form of U.S. coal can be brought in for thirty-two cents.

But gas men can marshal some powerful selling points. They point out that gas is clean—there's no ash or residue. And no other fuel gives such precise automatic control of heat.

Late in 1954 Consumers Gas in Toronto, a 116-year-old firm that was making gas from coal, began a sales campaign with Texan gas (which will be cut off when Alberta gas arrives). The company wooed and won plants making bricks, ceramics, soap, steel, asphalt, TV tubes and auto parts. By this year Consumers had boosted its sales to industry by 133 percent over 1954, its order with Trans-Canada by 250 percent.

The outlook for northern Ontario is even more exciting. This region is a long freight haul from the coal fields and oil refineries and the high cost of fuel blocks the growth of industry. Indeed, skeptics said two years ago that in this "barren stretch" the pipeline's only customers would be trappers, hunters and Indians.



Now between Kenora and Orillia the newly formed Northern Ontario Natural Gas Company will serve six pulp mills and thirty-four communities. The mines at Noranda and Timmins will be large users. At Sudbury International Nickel plans to use gas in a new and still-secret ore-leaching process. All told, instead of the four percent it first figured on, Trans-Canada may sell as much as ten percent of its gas in this area.

Northern Ontario expects rates one fifth to one quarter lower than Toronto's, and Cyril Young, a Northern Ontario Natural Gas Company director and vice-president of the Prospectors and Developers Association, sees important industries moving northward. He points as an example to the seven-million-dollar chemical plant Du Pont is building at North Bay. He sees ore being processed on the spot, products being manufactured from wood pulp, fertilizer plants springing up in the clay belt, bringing a boom to agriculture.

At Winnipeg, the advent of gas will open a potato-chip plant this fall and has helped start other industries. But Saskatchewan soft coal is cheap in Winnipeg and gas is too high priced for industry's liking. "If they make the rates competitive," says George Fenset, head of Manitoba's industrial development board, "they'll attract industry."

In Saskatchewan, despite the cheapness of coal, gas is used to generate power in three government-owned plants. It's the choice of meat packers, two sodium-sulphate plants and one making wallboard from wheat straw. It helped start a new cement plant near Regina and a company soon to be making tile, Western Clay. It figured in the planning of a large pulp mill now under construction near Prince Albert. And it's sparking the use of Saskatchewan's enormous potash deposits, which some day may support a soap or glass industry.

There is no disguising the fact that between oil and gas coal has been hard hit. In the past three years seven underground mines have closed in Alberta and the government has spent fifty thousand dollars placing miners in other jobs.

In Quebec and southern Ontario the rapid build-up of industry may more than make up for the markets coal will lose in northern Ontario. The St. Lawrence Seaway is Ontario's last source of water power close enough to industry to be cheap. "We'll need more and more steam plants to generate cheap electrical energy," says C. L. O'Brian of the Dominion Coal Board. "That's coal's big future."

In the struggle between gas and oil the suburbs are the main front. Oil has long held the rich home-heating market without competition. Now in some of Toronto's new subdivisions signs read "Gas Mains Installed."

The key to this situation is the subdivision builder. He's concerned with costs and a gas furnace costs less to install than an oil furnace. Nor does he have to buy a storage tank. And in a basementless house the saving in space means money saved.

But builders also want features that will attract buyers. Which is best for home heating, oil or gas? According to Dr. Douglas Montgomery, a federal fuel scientist, "they give equal comfort. So it all boils down to a matter of dollars and cents—which is cheaper?"

This question is hotly disputed by both combatants—and by coal as well. Coal is cheapest of all in Quebec and southern Ontario and it still heats one out of four Canadian homes. But its inconvenience puts it out of the running. Even residents of Drumheller, Alberta, who make their living from coal, have voted for a community gas system.

A study by Union Gas of Chatham, now building a 141-mile pipeline to service seventeen of southwestern Ontario's largest cities, shows that gas-heating an average sized house in its area costs $147 while oil costs $173. But a study in Toronto by an oil-heating association favors oil over gas by $170 to $213.

Such studies mean little unless one has all the facts: temperatures, house exposures, insulation factors, furnace design. It seems simpler to compare the price of a thousand gallons of fuel oil—the amount that heats a standard six-room house most winters most places—with the price of 163 thousand cubic feet of gas, which contains about the same amount of heat.

In Alberta the gas would cost about $50, roughly one third the cost of oil. That same gas would cost from $90 to $100 in Saskatchewan, $160 in Winnipeg, $170 to $185 in northern Ontario, and by the time it gets to Toronto, a whopping $228. Gas officials say that gas burns five to seven percent more efficiently than oil. Even so, that's $212, compared with $186 for oil.

The gas companies, however, have an ace in the hole. Suppose that home owner who is paying $212 for space heating puts in a gas water heater and a cooking range. Now he's using more gas so he gets a cheaper rate. On the lower rate his space heating bill drops to $169. Also, most gas companies make no charge for servicing furnaces, an item that costs an oil-furnace owner fifteen to thirty dollars a year.

Gas has a long-range price advantage as well. Since 1940 fuel-oil and coal prices in the U.S. have risen an average of 115 percent. Gas has gone up less than fifteen percent. Gas, because it's a by-product, costs little at the source. Gas could jump fifty percent in Alberta and Consumers Gas in Toronto would only pay about ten percent more.

Since natural gas came to Toronto Consumers Gas has gained 30,000 new house heating customers. Twin City Gas at the lakehead will start off this fall with 2,500 homes and expects to double this figure by next year. Winnipeg & Central Gas has sold 3,000 new home-owners and expects to add about 5,000 more a year. Saskatchewan Power will soon be serving 6,000 homes in Regina, now has 21,000 customers in five cities and twenty-six towns.

Will such inroads harm the oil industry? "The worst it can do," says A. J. Rowe-Sleeman, director of the Toronto Oil Heating Association, "would be to slow down our rate of increasing sales."

The warfare on the appliance front—gas versus electricity—has just started at the lakehead but is well advanced on the plains. The Saskatchewan Power Corporation has set up sales offices in trailers and is touring Regina suburbs offering low down payments and free installations.

Gas has had great success against electricity in the U.S.—more than 100 million gas appliances are in use there. But gas costs less in the eastern United States than in eastern Canada, while electricity costs more.

Gas men nevertheless insist that gas is the cheapest way to cook when you take the life of the stove into account. "Repairs are practically nil," says Jack Spence, manager of Ottawa Gas. "There are no moving parts to wear out except the valves. We know of gas ranges in use after forty years."

There's little difference in price or cleanliness between the new gas and electric stoves. Gas is a trifle faster. Oil is safer. For although natural gas isn't poisonous, a heavy concentration in a room could cause humans or plants to smother, or if fired might explode. But common sense makes accidents rare with modern gas appliances. They're all equipped with pilot lights that ignite the gas automatically if a child should happen to turn it on. Also gas companies add to the odorless natural gas a high-smelling impurity so that a leak can be detected. If a leak does occur, natural gas, being lighter than air, dissipates quickly once a window is opened. When the gas is burning the only products given off are water vapor and carbon dioxide—the odorless gas we exhale. Since the sulphur is taken out at the gas field it doesn't tarnish silver.

Both gas and electric stoves are automatically controlled, so gas men are stressing flexibility. "Instead of four to seven heats," says Spence, "you can get any heat you desire from one control, like the volume knob on a radio. There's no waste of heat, fewer boil-overs, less grease-carrying vapor in the air, and gas shuts off instantly, which means a cooler house." Since gas came to B.C. sales of electric stoves have fallen off twenty percent while sales of gas stoves have risen sixty percent.

All gas appliances — refrigerators, clothes driers, incinerators, water heaters—are money-saving in either their cost or upkeep or both. Gas water heaters, moreover, are selling well on the basis of speed. Consumers Gas in Toronto boosted their installations last year from 4,000 to 30,000.

In the U.S. General Electric sells a gas-powered heat pump and sales have doubled every year for the past seven years. Half a dozen companies, including Coleman Lamp in Canada, are testing gas-powered air conditioners.

But gas paradoxically may step up the use of electricity. "Gas brings new industry," says Frank McMahon, a prominent Calgary oil and gas man, "and then electricity is needed for motors, lifts and lights in the plants and in the homes of new workers coming to the area." A few electric appliance makers seem slated to lose business, but in the long run no one seems likely to lose from this competition. "We need every scrap of energy we can get," says Premier Frost of Ontario.

Our trade deficit with the U.S. last year was a worrisome 1.6 billion dollars. By cutting our imports of coal, oil, sulphur and propane A. P. Craig of Trans-Canada thinks the pipeline will shave that figure by one hundred million dollars. In time we'll cut it still more by exporting gas, for we're finding it now ten times as fast as Trans-Canada can sell it. By 1980 the Gordon Commission estimates, we may be importing a billion dollars of oil and gas a year.

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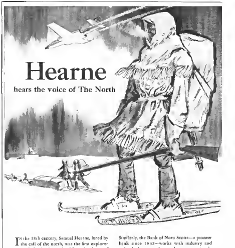
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How George Washington lost Canada

Continued from page 35

The five thousand American soldiers could have seized and held N.S., aided by the population

ancient Acadian capital (Port Royal) which they renamed Annapolis) only to see the French retire to Cape Breton and build a bigger and more dangerous sea fortress at Louisbourg.

In 1745 the New Englanders went on to capture Louisbourg in a feat that astonished Europe: the first hint of the new power rising in America. An absurd government in London traded it back to France for concessions elsewhere in a bit of empire shuffling that enraged the American colonists, so that parliament felt obliged to set up a military and naval base on the Nova Scotia peninsula as an offset to Louisbourg. The chosen site was a magnificent wooded fiord known to the Indians as Chebucto, and there in 1749 a strong expedition of British settlers and troops founded the town of Halifax, the new capital of the province.

Thus in its first aspect Nova Scotia was the northeastern bastion of New England, an outer watchman against attacks by sea from France or Canada. But soon the British and their American colonists saw the real significance of their prize. It was the key to Canada, for it commanded the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Their next step was to clean the flank in Acadia by seizing Fort Beauséjour at the isthmus and expelling thousands of the dour French settlers from the Bay of Fundy. This was in 1755. A third step came in 1758 when Wolfe and Amherst, moving from Halifax, assailed and destroyed the Louisbourg sea fortress guarding the approach to the St. Lawrence. The final step came in 1759 when Wolfe's army, again operating from Halifax, sailed up the St. Lawrence and took Quebec.

Nova Scotia's peculiar value was now proven. In any strategy for the defense or conquest of British North America it had the sinister importance of a two-edged dagger, for its ports and hinterland commanded not only the throat of Canada but the main sea approach to New England. For that reason, lest the French plan a reconquest, the British maintained after 1763 their garrison and naval base at Halifax, the only establishment of its kind in North America.

As the years went by, with the British flag flying in every breeze from Hudson Bay to Florida, this lesson of history faded into a peaceful feeling of assurance. When the American Revolution sent a violent ripple along the colonial chain, the significance of this fourteenth and last link was so far forgotten that the British shipped their Nova Scotia garrison to Boston, while for their part the Americans devoted themselves to the wild goose chase to the St. Lawrence.

In the whole story of the revolution this is perhaps the most ironical chapter. The five thousand American soldiers who perished in the adventures along the St. Lawrence could have seized and held Nova Scotia, aided by a population two thirds of whom spoke their own tongue with the familiar nasal accent and regarded New England as their home. With Nova Scotia fixed in American hands the British fleet would have lost its last winter mooring post on the continent north of New York, thus changing the whole face of the war and of the subsequent peace.

The future of Canada hung upon what happened in Nova Scotia between 1775 and 1783. The only people among Nova Scotia's twenty thousand whites and three thousand Indians with a fixed loyalty to the king were some newly arrived Yorkshire settlers at the isthmus, some Scots at Pictou and in Cape Breton, a scatter of British army and navy veterans discharged in the country after the last war, and the small circle of Halifax officials and merchants whose fortunes were bound up in British government salaries and perquisites.

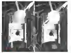
The predominant Yankee population of the province lived chiefly on the western shores of the peninsula, where they traded freely with Newfoundland, Labrador, the West Indies and with their friends and relatives in New England, voyaging back and forth across the mouth of Fundy and smuggling their rum, tea and other luxuries in the accepted American fashion. They governed their settlements in the New England way, by town meetings at which any man could have his say, and by elected committees whose word was law.

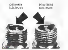
A bit of fashionable London

There were few roads in the country. Nearly all traffic was by sea, and because manufactured goods and foodstuff other than fish were cheaper in New England than in Halifax, most of their supplies were fetched by sea from the older colonies, which the Nova Scotians still considered home. In a careless and spasmodic way they sent representatives to the provincial assembly at Halifax, but they knew the assembly for the little thing it was. The province was ruled by a governor and council appointed from London, and it was financed from London, partly by direct subsidy and partly by the sums spent every year on the Halifax garrison and fleet. Most of the money eventually found its way into the pockets of the officials and their merchant friends.

This little coterie, firmly established since the foundation of Halifax, did themselves well on His Majesty's bounty. In the shabby wooden town on the slope of Citadel Hill their houses alone were mansions, their carriages in summer and their fur-piled sleighs in winter flashed and jingled in the narrow streets, and at their frequent balls and dinners they entertained lavishly the officers of His Majesty's army and navy. In the frugal setting of the fourteenth colony they stood forth like a little bit of fashionable London transported across the sea. Almost to a man and woman their sole dream was to make a fortune and sail away to a well-nourished retirement in England.

In the favored group, however, there was one man notable for his difference. Michael Francklin had come to Halifax as a young Englishman with a few pounds in his pocket, determined to make a fortune. In his business and political





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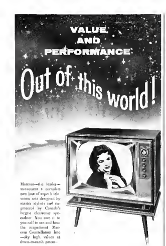

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My most memorable meal: No 29

Celia Franca

remembers

Coffee, doughnuts and bombs

The meal I am least likely to forget was eaten in the 1940s during a tour with the Sadler's Wells Ballet when the Blitz was at its height.

We had arrived in the historic little town of Bath, famous for its curative waters, Georgian architecture and theatre-loving citizens, and we were to perform the following day. But the enemy had apparently selected Bath for a "reprisal raid." Quantities of fire bombs were dropped and some of them landed on the theatre.

The male dancers, led by the late composer-conductor Constant Lambert, hurried off to try to save the theatre from complete destruction. The whole back of the building had been blown down and fire bombs were crackling at various points. When I arrived on the scene Constant was down in the pit trying to smother one of these with his pianist standing on the stage above his head hysterically clutching a hose pipe with which she was drenching both the bomb and the would-be fire fighter.

Our scenery and costumes were not in the theatre but our relief quickly evaporated when we learned they were still at the depot — where a time bomb prevented anyone from touching them.

After a noisy and eventful night, the dancers assembled with other bombed-out folk at the Citizens Hall. Some were in pyjamas, all were black with soot; my last cigarettes had been shared long since with less fortunate folk. There was plenty of water but by then no means of boiling it. We all tried not to think of tea and coffee. Ninette de Valois was anxiously counting her dancers, and the last member of the company to appear was the masseuse who unaccountably always managed to look as though she'd just left the beauty parlor. She picked her way between the bricks and mortar and we hoped she'd have a Thermos. She hadn't.

At last a mobile canteen arrived and we had pre-boiled coffee with dehydrated milk and elderly doughnuts. And I have never tasted anything so perfectly delicious.

CELIA FRANCA IS ARTISTIC DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL BALLET

dealings he was as greedy as any other in the manner of the time; but he had something the others lacked, a genuine interest in the country. He traveled the province widely in a time when it was dangerous to do so. Indeed in his early experience he had been captured by Indians and held a prisoner in peril of his life for months, and it was typical of him that he spent his captivity in learning the Indians' language and customs thoroughly and that he parted with them on terms of friendship. This friendship he maintained throughout his life.

Unlike most of the others, too, he had married a Yankee wife, a granddaughter of Boston's famous Peter Faneuil. He had a country mansion at Windsor and maintained a horse-breeding farm in the meadows of Minudie beside the Bay of Fundy. These interests outside the capital and his frequent travels gave him the friendship of the American settlers in the province, something withheld from others of the Halifax oligarchy. When the impending revolution began to throw its shadow across the mouth of Fundy he was the one man in the province who could claim trust from both crown and people.

In 1773, however, a new actor stepped upon the Nova Scotian scene, a British army officer whose kinsman the Earl of Dartmouth had secured him the post of governor. Francis Legge assumed the office at a time when the British government was at last disturbed about the greedy colony at Halifax, which had cost and was still costing the British taxpayer such enormous sums. Before embarking he had been charged to clean up the whole mess of provincial administration and finance. Legge was an honest but stupid man, ugly and obese, more used to scaring soldiers of the line than dealing with smooth knaves of the Halifax sort or with colonial settlers who disliked the Halifax knaves as much as he did but who also despised him for a bully and a fool. His investigations proved the ruling group in Halifax to be a gang of pompous thieves, but the thieves were very loud in their loyalty to King George at a time when His Majesty's government had begun to feel a sudden need for friends in America, and London hesitated.

Legge and the Nova Scotians, especially those natural democrats the Yankee settlers, were natural allies in the struggle against the clique at Halifax. But in '75 the news of Lexington and Bunker Hill turned Legge's suspicions to the whole province. The garrison had gone to Boston, leaving him little more than a corporal's guard, and amid so many people whose sympathies obviously lay with the New England rebels he felt himself naked. When he tried to raise a regiment in the province his recruiting officers met with utter failure, and in the Nova Scotians' reluctance to take up arms against their Yankee brethren he saw a deep conspiracy against His Majesty's rule.

He did not cease his vendetta against the parasites of Halifax, but now he extended it to the people of the province, hitting fiercely in all directions like the honest but bewildered goat he was. The settlers were harried with demands for an oath of allegiance, abrogation and supremacy, the oath including a vow to fight His Majesty's enemies with no limitations; the familiar and necessary traffic with New England was hobbled by a system of passes, inward and outward; and all meetings were forbidden.

The shrewd rogues of Halifax were quick to see their opportunity. In January 1776 a delegation went to London to press for Legge's recall, pointing out that his policy was driving the Nova Scotians toward revolt, which was the truth, and London, suddenly alarmed, gave in. Legge was recalled. He left amid the abuse and curses of a Halifax mob while the oligarchs laughed in their drawing rooms and countinghouses. Michael Francklin, the lieutenant-governor, was the obvious man to take his place. But London had determined to make a clean sweep. Francklin was deposed also and his post went to a naval officer, Arbuthnot, who knew nothing of Nova Scotia or its people, whose view indeed seldom went beyond the Halifax dockyard gate.

All these matters left the Nova Scotians in a cynical and watchful mood. They had shared the general American unrest over the Stamp Act in '65. At Halifax the semi-official Gazette had declared the indignation of the town and province at this attempt at taxation from abroad. When it persisted in this strain the printer was deprived of his contract and replaced by another direct from England on whose loyalty the government could rely.

Henry the printer had only given utterance to the sentiment of many Haligonians at this time; and they went on to expressions of their own, burning an effigy of the local stamp-master on the slope of Citadel Hill and dangling an old boot from a gallows in derision of Lord Bute, the unpopular favorite of King George. Indeed opinion in Halifax was so strong that the authorities had to put a military guard over the stamp-master's house. When the Stamp Act was repealed the Nova Scotians rejoiced as much as their brethren in the other colonies. The Boston tea party had its echoes in Nova Scotia also. These and other signs of Nova Scotian accord with the other colonies were all noted by the government long before the revolution.

Soon after the outbreak at Lexington the busy Committees of Correspondence in Massachusetts got in touch with the Nova Scotians, urging open revolt. Later on, with the sanction of George Washington, the Congress sent agents to sound out the feelings of the Nova Scotians and to examine the state of the garrison. These went no farther than Machias, a hotbed of revolt on the vague borderland between Nova Scotia and what is now the state of Maine, but there they found people in close contact with the Nova Scotians, all urging that the province was ripe for rebellion.

In reality the Nova Scotians were in the painful dilemma that had ruined the Acadians before them, caught as they were between two powerful and opposed national interests, and they well remembered what had happened to the Acadians. Of all the continental colonies theirs was the nearest to England and so the most exposed to the British fleet and to troops coming in by sea. Their population was small and scattered about

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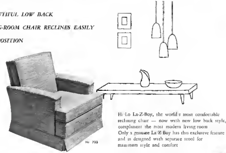

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the novel with no settled interior on which they could subsist in arms, as could the other American colonists.

There were hotheads among them like Jonathan Eddy, of Cumberland and Parson Seccombe of Chester, ardently preaching rebellion but more typical were Malachi Salter the Yankee merchant of Halifax, and Simeon Perkins the Yankee merchant of Liverpool whose voluminous diary still tells the story of his time. These were neutrals, measuring their American sympathies against the British strength by sea and hoping that somehow the Nova Scotians could stay neutral in what seemed to them a ruinous brawl.

In the late summer of 1775 George Washington at his Cambridge headquarters outside Boston had two proposals before him. One was Benedict Arnold's scheme for an overland blow at Quebec. The other, known as Colonel Thompson's plan, was for the seizure of Nova Scotia. The Thompson plan required one thousand troops, four armed ships and eight transports, moving from an advanced base already established in Maine by the ardent revolutionists of Machias. The American troops would proceed up the Bay of Fundy and into Minas Basin. There they would seize the port of Windsor (where they could rouse and arm the American settlers of the Annapolis Valley and Cumberland and the Ulstermen of Truro and Cobequid) and thence march on Halifax.

The Thompson plan was much more sound than Arnold's in spite of Washington's caution about any scheme that depended on movement by sea. The British fleet at that time was too busy convoying supplies to the besieged army in Boston to give much attention elsewhere

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Edna Cherry, supervisor of the Costume Department, CBC Toronto— No. If women buy with careful planning and with an eye to their own personality they will not feel compelled to buy every year what the fashion trend advises. In selecting a wardrobe cardinal consideration should be made to keep to classic line and subdued tone which can be adapted to the changing styles with proper accessories. To the consumer the small amount allowed on a new garment would not be worth the wear that remains in the garment. A suitable wardrobe could never be accumulated if this idea was practised. Moreover, women's clothes, unlike cars, are not worth their re-sale value on a trade-in to the retailer and I think it highly unlikely that reputable shops would care to sell used clothing.

Jack Creed, president of Creed Furs Ltd., Toronto — No one could stop a woman from trading in her last year's fashions on new garments, if she could find someone who would do it.

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and in any case the British naval commanders had a healthy aversion to the upper parts of the Bay of Fundy on account of its dangerous fogs and tides. In Nova Scotia the Americans would find themselves among a friendly people who spoke their own tongue and had small respect for His Majesty's government. Most important there were no British troops left in the province except the guard at Halifax, and as late as Nov. 4, 1775 the garrison of Halifax consisted of three hundred and ninety men of whom only a hundred and twenty-six were fit for duty.

The voice of the dashing Arnold prevailed however, and Washington ignored the easy prize of Nova Scotia. Thus one opportunity passed, and when the British army withdrew from Boston to Halifax in the spring of '76 the would-be rebels among the Nova Scotians had to lie low. Another opportunity came that summer when Howe went off with all his forces to New York.

This time, other than three hundred British soldiers in Halifax there was a single company of the Royal Highland Emigrants posted at Windsor and a weak battalion of the Royal Fencible American Regiment guarding the isthmus at Fort Cumberland. The Highlanders, newly recruited in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, were poorly armed and without uniforms. The Royal Fencible Americans, commanded by Colonel Joseph Gorham, had been recruited in the streets of Boston before Howe's withdrawal, a mixed lot of Loyalists, vagabonds and foreigners about two hundred and fifty in all. A single regiment of well-armed rebels with a battery of field guns could have overrun them all.

Again Washington was urged to send such a force to bring the fourteenth colony into the continental fold. Nova Scotian emissaries Jonathan Eddy, John Allan and their Acadian colleague Isaiah Boudreau visited Boston and pointed out the ease with which it might be done, pledging the support of hundreds of Nova Scotians who only awaited arms and ammunition. But Washington was now concerned with New York, and the costly failure of the St. Lawrence venture was fresh in his mind. He referred the Nova Scotia matter to Congress. Congress shuffled it off to the legislature of Massachusetts. A Massachusetts committee in turn was glib with promises of troops, arms and supplies to the Nova Scotian representatives. In the actual rebellion none appeared.

All that appeared in the autumn of 1776 was a small band of reckless frontiersmen from Machias, guided by Jonathan Eddy. They visited the settlers on the St. John River en route and turned up in Cumberland in the last days of October, announcing themselves as the advance party of a strong American army. The intention of this army, they declared, was to liberate Nova Scotia, and they called on all "friends of America" to rise and take up arms in their support.

Fort Cumberland with its guns and bastions, its earthen ramparts built in the favorite star shape of French engineers in the old regime (it was the famous Fort Beauséjour of former times) guarded the Nova Scotia isthmus on a ridge in the Fundy marshes. It was held by Colonel Gorham, an indifferent soldier, with his shabby battalion of Boston refugees.

About the edge of the marshes and along the ridge lived a farming people of whom some Yorkshiremen newly settled in the country remained aloof. The other settlers mustered an earnest but poorly armed force for the siege of Fort Cumberland. Indictments for treason afterwards drawn up for the Halifax courts described them as, "... a great number of traitors and rebels against our Sovereign Lord the King, ... to the number of three hundred persons ... being armed in a warlike and hostile manner with drums beating and with guns, swords, pistols, pikes, clubs and other weapons."

The guns were mostly fowling pieces, the swords and pistols relics of the old French war. They had no cannon at all. Nevertheless they captured fifty of Gorham's men, seized a ship laden with his winter food supplies, besieged him and his garrison for three weeks and in the dark of one November night made a wild and badly managed attempt to storm the fort.

There was great alarm among the loyalists at Halifax. Michael Francklin hastened to raise the militia of the Annapolis Valley and Minas Basin for Gorham's relief but even his influence could not move them. To a man the settlers refused to muster. Indeed some of the Ulstermen of Minas Basin were marching to join the Cumberland rebels. For a time it seemed that Eddy's bold enterprise would take Fort Cumberland and roll on to Halifax like a snowball in March, gathering volume as it went despite the non-appearance of the American army.

General Massey at Halifax took a chance. His garrison there was small and worthless and the town itself buzzing with American sympathizers. The only reliable troops on hand were two companies of Royal Marines landed from warships in the harbor. These he sent hotfoot through the woods to Windsor, where they joined the little company of Highland Emigrants for a voyage up Fundy Bay to Cumberland. The Highlanders' ship went astray in bad weather but the Marines reached Cumberland at night and landed secretly on the marshes below the fort.

The Cumberland rebels kept a careless watch in the winter weather. Gorham had shown no desire to sally forth and attack their crude siege lines, and after the failure of their own attempt to rush the fort they were content to wait for Gorham's food and fuel to run out. The Marines and the pick of Gorham's men, led by Major Batt, stole along the edge of the marshes before dawn, passed the flank of the poorly manned rebel line and at daylight fell on the camp where most of them were asleep. In an hour the Cumberland "Army of Liberty" was flying through the woods and the vengeful redcoats were burning farm after farm along the ridge.

Gorham himself, a Nova Scotian of Yankee origin, was more merciful, offering amnesty to all the local rebels hiding

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in the woods and marshes if they surrendered with their weapons in ten days. Most of them did. The chief leaders of the revolt, Eddy and Allan, had escaped to the St. John. The British soldiers gathered up some lesser culprits and sent them to Halifax for trial, but there again a wise clemency prevailed. In various ways the trials were abandoned and the prisoners were allowed to escape. One of them, young Richard John Uniacke, eventually became attorney-general of Nova Scotia, a Tory of Tories and a power in the land.

Jonathan Eddy did not stop his flight until he reached Machias. John Allan, a man of better fibre, halted on the St. John River with some other refugees from Cumberland and began to recruit another force among the settlers at the river mouth and in the villages upstream. He also sought aid from the Malecite Indians of the St. John and the Micmacs of Miramichi. These activities went on undisturbed through the winter and spring of 1777.

There was still no sign of the promised American troops, but Massachusetts was alive to the importance of keeping at least some of the Nova Scotians in revolt, and of winning the Indians who were masters of the forest between the Bay of Fundy and the St. Lawrence. Hence Allan received some arms and ammunition for his followers and belts of wampum, blankets and other gifts for the savages.

If Massachusetts and the Congress remained blind to their opportunity in Nova Scotia, the British authorities at Halifax had their eyes wide open after the Cumberland affair. During the winter and spring General Massey recruited vigorously amongst the Scottish settlers of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland and nailed ashore the marines of every warship that came into Halifax. By the early summer of '77 he had six hundred marines and four hundred Royal Highland Emigrants besides Gorham's garrison at Fort Cumberland.

A large part of these troops had to be kept at Halifax, where in addition to the naval base Massey now had to guard several hundred American prisoners taken at sea and in Howe's operations at New York. However he detached a force of marines and Highlanders, ordered Gorham to send a picked company of his Fencibles, and in June embarked them all for the St. John in the warships Vulture, Mermaid and Hope.

The blow fell suddenly. Allan's little "Army of Liberty" made a brief stand at the mouth of the St. John and then fled up the river. British troops under the Loyalist Major Studholme followed swiftly in boats and canoes. Here and there a party of the rebels halted on the bank of the broad stream. All were attacked and overrun, and again the soldiers burned every farm that sheltered them.

Allan had sent a last desperate appeal to Boston, but it was hopeless. A gaudy pageant had begun to move down Lake Champlain and the forces of New England were scrambling inland to meet it. If Massachusetts had ever intended sending troops to Nova Scotia the intention blew away on the brassy wind of Burgoyne's trumpeters.

Allan's last hope was the tribe of Malecites, whose town of Aukpaque—the largest in the country—lay far upstream. But the Malecite chiefs Ambroise and Pierre Tomma had witnessed the siege of Fort Cumberland and those canny warriors had come away with mixed impressions. Also Michael Francklin, working from Halifax, had sent gifts from the Great White Father to match those of the Americans, and thus when Allan and his harried band arrived at Aukpaque a few miles above the present city of Fredericton he found the Indians divided in their counsels. About half the tribe, led by the chief Ambroise, joined Allan and retreated with him up the river. The rest, under Pierre Tomma, joined the advancing British troops.

Allan made his last stand at the site of an old French settlement afterward known to the Loyalists as King's Clear. His Indians deserted him and the British troops, guided by Pierre Tomma, fell on the remnant of Nova Scotia's "Army of Liberty" and destroyed it. Allan and a few others managed to escape to Machias, where they arrived in mid-August. Even there they had no rest or safety. Machias had been the base from which the Nova Scotia rebellion was plotted and sprung, and the British command at Halifax was well aware of it. Over the seaward horizon came Sir John Collier with a squadron led by his flagship Rainbow, and when his ships departed Machias was a smoking ruin.

Thus ended the lone armed rebellion of the Nova Scotians.

Like many another battle of the revolution, in which small bodies of armed men gambled in a wilderness for tremendous stakes, the rising in Nova Scotia had a deep significance. Had the Cumberland affair succeeded (as it nearly did) and had there been any substance in the promised support from New England, the American flag must have been planted firmly at Halifax and the flag would have borne a fourteenth star for Nova Scotia.

As it was, the failure of the rebellion and the emptiness of all the promises from the other colonies caused the Nova Scotians to reflect soberly on their position. The old ties of blood and trade with New England were strong. With few exceptions village after village still refused to take the oath of allegiance which demanded among other things that the Nova Scotians take up arms against the King's enemies whenever called upon.

But a new factor had entered the problem. The successful rebels of New England, now that the tide of war had rolled away to New York, were sending armed ships to prey on British sea-borne trade. Some of these privateers had the written sanction of the Congress or their own states. Some had the doubtful authority of a scrawl from a local "committee of safety" or some other self-appointed body in their own town or village. Most had no authority at all and were in fact pirates, flying the Congress colors instead of the Jolly Roger.

These began to harry the Nova Scotia coast. The pretext was that their Bluenose cousins had not sent a representative to the Congress and therefore must be enemies of the United States. It was an excuse of thieves. The marauders began by seizing Nova Scotia trading vessels bound to or from the West Indies. From this they went to harrying the inshore trade. The British fleet, busy conveying storeships to New York and carrying troops in Howe's amphibious operations far to the south, could spare few ships for the Halifax station, and these were too clumsy to deal with the nimble Yankee privateers.

The raiders turned their attention to the shore itself, robbing the defenseless towns and settlements. The chief outports, Charlottetown, Lunenburg, Liverpool, Yarmouth, Annapolis, all were attacked at various times and most of them pillaged, together with many small hamlets of the fishermen. In the autumn of 1776, at the very time when Nova Scotia rebels were besieging Fort Cumberland and watching in vain for armed help from New England, the celebrated John Paul Jones was seizing unarmed vessels along the east coast of Nova Scotia and burning small sloops, sheds and cod-oil barrels of the poor fishermen of Canso. Charlottetown suffered as early as 1775 when American raiders kidnapped some of the leading inhabitants along with the plunder. The affair came to the notice of Washington in his camp at Cambridge, however, and he denounced the raid and sent the prisoners home.

But as the war went on a swarm of freebooters descended upon the fourteenth colony. Vainly the Nova Scotians wrote misspelled but earnest protests to the state legislatures and to various committees of safety and other local bodies in New England. Vainly they traveled in person to plead before those bodies. All was useless. The state legislatures were helpless to control their privateers and in most cases the local committeemen were themselves actively sharing in the loot.

In self-defense the Nova Scotians had to muster their militia to fight off the raids. The next step was obvious. A fleet of Nova Scotian privateers, armed from the naval stores at Halifax and furnished with "letters-of-marque and reprisal" by the governor, began to prey upon the coast of New England.

By the war's end the Nova Scotian Yankees were embittered and veteran enemies of the United States.

Thus instead of a fourteenth American state commanding the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which would have doomed Canada in 1812 if not in 1783, there remained a solid British bastion on the Atlantic coast of North America. ★

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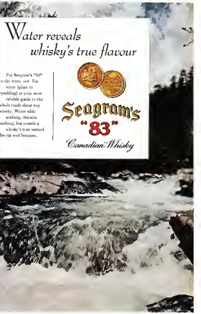

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Should the Protestant churches unite? continued from page 17

Are the Billy Grahams attracting new members to the churches, or merely reaffirming the old?

Canada than ever before but whether this is part of a religious resurgence or merely a reflection of the population increase none could say.

Mr. Cameron pointed out that per capita church attendance has declined steadily from 53.5 percent in 1901 to 47.7 percent in 1951 but Dr. Thomson insisted that there has been a resurgence since these statistics were taken.

All the panelists seemed to feel with Mr. Mills that "the churches that are strongest appear to be those in which people forty and under are attending with their children."

A spirited discussion on postwar evangelism and the part it has played in increasing church attendance then took place before the panelists returned to the main topic of church union.

MR BERTON How significant has been the Billy Graham crusade and similar evangelical crusades which we have seen since the war?

DR THOMSON I think that the results show that those who register a decision or indicate in some palpable way that they have been influenced are largely church people already.

MR BERTON These evangelistic meetings are not increasing church membership?

DR THOMSON I have no foundations to support that.

MR CAMERON In my own experience I haven't found that they did — except as Dr. Thomson says good church people go up to the front and express themselves as wanting to be dedicated again to the cause of Christ.

MISS FRANCIS. They have already done that?

MR CAMERON They have already done it in their church.

DR McDORMAND I think there are results of the Billy Graham meetings that Dr. Thomson's statements do not cover. When a large number of people under the pressure of publicity start coming to a central place of worship with a demonstration of the strength and the vitality of Christianity it's going to attract a certain number of marginal people. Some of these people come in. I think there has been some good done. For instance the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland had the first net increase in its membership one year after the Billy Graham meeting.

MISS FRANCIS But did they stay?

DR McDORMAND I think they'll stay as well as people have all through the centuries. There is always a good percentage of losses. Some people come in under the stress of emotion and they don't stay.

DR SEELEY I think it's completely immeasurable. Statistically one cannot measure any very marked increase in church attendance. I do think the very fact that great crowds of people have exposed themselves to a proclamation of the gospel — it must do something to them. Maybe it will take a very long time before any effect can be measured. One of the interesting things about many of the recent evangelistic missions is that one has heard far less of people being put off by them than were put off by some earlier evangelists.

DR HEIK The Lutheran church has never officially endorsed this whole business. In Toronto we did not take part in the mission. On the other hand some of our churches in Europe were more impressed by Billy Graham.

MR MILLS Perhaps more has been accomplished in this area by conferences of laymen.

MR. BERTON Could the money expended on the Billy Graham campaign be put to better use?

DR McDORMAND The cost of the Billy Graham campaign was roughly a hundred thousand dollars. When you put that against what is spent on liquor every week end in Toronto it's peanuts. One of our Baptist churches in Toronto has a budget for a year of more than the whole Billy Graham campaign cost.

MISS FRANCIS I wonder if people who come to cities haven't lost contact with their own groups and the Billy Graham thing isn't answering the need to people to feel that they're part of the community?

DR HEIK Don't you think that the established church would meet this need much better than Billy Graham?

MISS FRANCIS. The question is: has it?

DR HEIK In our church it has.

MR CAMERON I think the most effective evangelism is the visitation evangelism by the laymen in the congregation going to the homes and presenting them in a trained and skillful way with the reality of Christ.

DR SEELEY I would agree. But I think that there *is* a certain desire for belonging which attracts the people to the mass meeting. I also think there's a certain desire for anonymity. You can go along to a mass meeting without being too committed about it. Nobody is going to buttonhole you.

MR BERTON There's another kind of evangelism that is a phenomenon of the postwar period. It is what I call literary evangelism. You are undoubtedly aware of the spate of the religious books that are being introduced such as those by Norman Vincent Peale. What is the over-all effect of these books?

DR SEELEY I think that in this realm of literature just the same as in every other there is some good stuff and a lot of bad stuff. The interesting thing is that the publishers find it worthwhile to put it out.

DR McDORMAND People are looking for help in their crises of life, in their temptations, in their perplexities. They're look up for guidance; they're looking for faith; they're looking for moral support; they're looking for a sense of adequacy, strength—and Norman Vincent Peale has a big hearing. Now, I know he's superficial. I know that he panders very much to the idea that democracy and Protestantism are to be equated—

MR. CAMERON That's one of the trappings of religion. It is not religion.

DR SEELEY I think if we really look at this carefully we can see that there is a criticism of the church in all this. People have not received sufficient religious education in their youth and they are now trying to repair some of the breaches.

DR McDORMAND There is more leisure to read too.

DR SEELEY We're always changing fuel aren't we? There was the time when the pulpit was the only medium of mass communication not only for the gospel but for public notices and everything else. Then there was the newspaper; now there is the paper-backed edition.

MR CAMERON But the church is founded on the one fact of the forgiveness of sin and so much of this literature comes out of the philosophy which doesn't recognize the reality of sin. It doesn't talk about sin at all.

DR THOMSON I think many of these books emphasize what I would call a half truth—we probably have been more bedevilled by half truths than anything else—namely, that there is a fuller life waiting for people if they will only believe it.

MISS FRANCIS Well is it better to go to church for the wrong reason than not to go to church at all?

DR McDORMAND I would say yes — your wrong reason will become a right one in due course if you keep on going.

MR CAMERON Isn't it true that in every congregation you have what Isaiah would call a saving remnant—that there's a nucleus, large or small, of people who are really believing Christians and practice their religion? The job of the church is to continually spread that experience.

DR McDORMAND They are at least in the family. They may not be the most observing or admirable members of the family but they are in the family and it is good for them to be there.

MISS FRANCIS But I think Dr Peale's books have revelations that are

MR CAMERON Yes they are appealing to an intellectual indulgence. I don't think they are getting down to basic facts of religion.

DR McDORMAND I think they're helpful as far as they go. Now I know that they contain little theology and don't stand squarely in the Christian tradition as such, but I do think they point to certain traits of personality which ought to result from the impact of the Christian gospel. One fault with his books is that they neither supply Christian motivation nor suggest the need of spiritual reinforcement through worship and through the historic church. He is trying to describe the abundant life that Jesus talked about bringing to all men who would believe in Him but he doesn't sufficiently relate this to believing in Jesus Christ and to all that that implies.

MISS FRANCIS That is he implies that it comes in this world rather than in the other.

DR McDORMAND Well why shouldn't it come in this world? We don't know enough about the other world but we are concerned with the improvement of life here. There was a time when we assumed that hunger, privation and suffering were essential, inescapable and inevitable. We said "Let's accept it and let's look to the correction of these things beyond the realm of this vale of tears."

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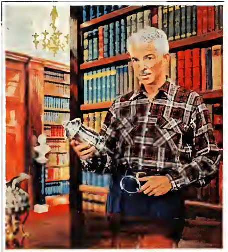
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DR. SEELEY I think that Christianity is always basically an "other worldly" religion. Basically Christianity is an indifference to material things. Now that doesn't mean that we are indifferent to the conditions of human living, nor because the concern of the Christian thought is that it could never be indifferent to conditions of living. But I think that this kind of literature which suggests that there are material advantages, that there is prosperity to be gained from the religious life — I won't call it the Christian life—I think that that is a thorough distortion of Christianity.

DR THOMSON I think I agree on the whole with Canon Seeley that the great interest of the Christian faith is in the spiritual world—and that's not necessarily a world that is to come. It is the recognition that it is the real world here and now. I would also agree with McDormand that that doesn't permit one to an acceptance of misery, suffering, pain and poverty as being an essential part of the discipline of life here and now.

MR BERTON Let's return to the subject of church union.

DR SEELEY I think that for myself the great difficulty in the way is the confusion in people's minds between union and uniformity. People are scared when we talk about the unity of the church. They think we are ready to have a uniform church, which I think nobody really desires. Differences of ecclesiastical tradition would be preserved and merged. I also think that the greatest difficulty is creating a real desire for unity in church people at large. Until this grows up

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How businessmen are filling the pulpits

With church attendance soaring in the fast-growing cities, where are the new ministers coming from? Curiously enough, many businessmen are leaving the office for the pulpit as these tape-recorded comments from Maclean's panel reveal.

MR MILLS There are men coming out of business who've had thirty-five years experience and going into the ministry. This is quite marked in the United Church and I know some in the Anglican Church also. Men like George Morrison, who gave up a high salaried position as controller of IBM World Trade Corporation to enter the ministry. It's very significant when a thing like that happens. This last year Herbert Breithaupt, the son of the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, gave up a position in Montreal of some years' business experience and entered the United Church ministry.

DR McDORMAND At McMaster two years ago we had two lawyers and a certified public accountant, all who had felt their vocations.

MR MILLS There was a lawyer graduated on Wednesday night from Emmanuel.

DR THOMSON I think the first five years I was at McGill the theological faculty was led by engineers. They're very good.

MR CAMERON We also have at least one layman who has given up a very responsible job with General Motors and is now working as a layman organizer in the Synod of Alberta.

MISS FRANCIS Well, is this because people are worried about the future of the church ... worried perhaps about their own future and society where there is so much materialism?

MR CAMERON I think they're worried about their own inability to provide service and they want to serve.

DR THOMSON It arose out of the First War situation. A great many men came out of the army and into the church.

MR. CAMERON That's right.

MISS FRANCIS My brother started out as a doctor and then realized that he was working on the wrong level.

DR. McDORMAND I think there is a strong reaction in the minds and hearts of idealistic people against this scramble for security, this scramble for money, this total materialistic outlook on life. That is true of these two lawyers. I had a good deal to do with helping them through to a decision. They came to me of course because the ferment was already in their own souls, and I discovered that they were simply not going to dedicate themselves to making money for the rest of their lives when they also felt that our society had to have leadership.

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from beneath. I don't believe that we can get any real unity of Christian people at all. It can certainly never be imposed from above.

MR MILLS Dr Seeley I can't speak of the small town, but certainly in a large centre like Toronto my experience has been that the average layman is much more willing to change his specific denomination for the purpose of attending a nearby church than used to be the case.

MISS FRANCIS Dr Heik, you don't agree with all this, do you?

DR HEIK No. If there is any ecclesiastical nationalism as Dr Thomson calls it then it certainly exists in the Scandinavian countries where ninety to ninety-eight percent belong to the Lutheran Church. But the spiritual life in these countries is pretty low. Simply uniting the church outwardly does not of necessity change the spiritual life.

MR CAMERON I agree with Dr Seeley that unity is going to come from the people through the work of the Council of Churches, and in this country we haven't developed the Council of Churches adequately at all. If you go to the United States you will find in almost every community that they have their council of churches.

MR BERTON Is the move to union stronger in the United States?

MR CAMERON No. Nobody is worrying about organic union there — they're thinking of co-operative unity. Now I am against bigness for the sake of bigness. A national church doesn't appeal to me in the least.

DR THOMSON I happen to be a minister of a national church and I think there is something profoundly significant in a national church.

DR HEIK Well if you want to create a national church of Canada though not related to the state as the Lutheran Church is in Sweden or the Anglican Church is in Great Britain that would change very much the scene as far as the outward approach to the people is concerned.

DR THOMSON What I'm thinking of is a church that would consider the nation as a whole.

DR HEIK Well it would have to order or control the religious situation of Canada.

DR THOMSON No. You can't do that.

DR HEIK You could if there is no other church apart from this organization.

DR THOMSON I'm not so foolish as to suggest that we should pass legislation that no other church should exist.

DR HEIK Yes but you desire—

DR THOMSON I desire a united church in Canada. That's what I desire to create.

DR SEELEY I'm a little concerned with the statement that people will quite happily exchange their membership in one church for membership in another. This is good in one sense. On the other hand the kind of unity which we seek is the bringing together of the traditions and the heritages of many churches for a richer and greater whole.

MR BERTON What kind of a church would this Church of Canada you envisage be? What kind of a building would it be?

DR SEELEY I would have all kinds of buildings.

DR. McDORMAND First of all it wouldn't be any of the churches that now exist.

DR SEELEY I think that is the most important point.

DR McDORMAND Everybody coming into that church would bring his distinctive traditions and convictions. It would be something new.

DR HEIK Out of the scramble you can bring together your puritanic emphasis on the one hand and the ritualistic emphasis on the other? How can you do that? Would you destroy the crucifixes for instance or retain them? You are going to have different churches—the one would have the ritualistic form of services and the other one—

DR SEELEY We have them both within the Anglican Church at the present time.

DR McDORMAND So do we in our church—in the Baptist Federation.

MR CAMERON What is your doctrinal basis going to be?

DR SEELEY That is going to be a bit difficult. In Ceylon where they are trying to work out some scheme of church union they say quite frankly what this church will be God alone knows. It is God's church not ours, and therefore we don't strive toward a pattern preconceived in our minds as to what the church will be.

"The larger a church becomes the greater danger there is of centralization of authority and thought"

MR. BERTON But what do you do when you get down to practical things like the Order of Prayer, the Hymn Book and these things?

DR SEELEY I don't think you would change the ritual in the least bit. I think that within the same church building according to the needs of the congregation you would get high masses and you would get the simple worship service.

MR BERTON As you do in the Anglican Church?

MR SEELEY Yes except that you don't get them in the one building in the Anglican Church now. The worship would be according to the needs of the congregation. For a great many years there would probably be very little change in the form of worship in a particular community.

MR CAMERON What is the advantage exactly over what we have now?

DR SEELEY Well we are perfectly conscious in the Anglican Church that we are lacking many things.

MR CAMERON Well, so are we but—

DR SEELEY Yes and these would be contributed to us from other church bodies in this new church.

MISS FRANCIS But aren't there certain things about the Anglican Church which a Baptist congregation would find definitely objectionable?

DR SEELEY Yes. This is the problem.

DR McDORMAND I was at the World Conference of Churches, in Evanston, three years ago and I heard Bishop R. B. Beardlove make a very significant statement. He's a Norwegian and a Lutheran. He comes from a state church. You'd expect a very strong speech from him in favor of a monolithic unitary structure. But as a matter of fact he said: "I believe that God is too great a lover of variety to desire one monolithic undifferentiated church, and personally I have no desire to see it." Now I think the larger a church becomes the greater danger there is of centralization of authority, centralization of thinking so that the local churches and the individual members of the local churches simply become pawns in a great ecclesiastical scheme. I don't think that's good for the spiritual growth of the individual. The larger an organization becomes the more regimentation becomes necessary. The individual is denied a good deal of the expression of his individuality. Do you think for example that Europe is any less worthy a part of the world service because it has small nations like Switzerland and Belgium and Holland? Would it be better to say we don't want any small nations in Europe?

MR CAMERON A great many people think so. There should be a League of Nations.

MISS FRANCIS Take the British Commonwealth where you have diversity and unity at the same time.

DR THOMSON Well I would just like to say that we in the United Church have had a very valuable experience of this very thing, bringing together three rather different religions. Far from it having an influence of a deadening effect I think it has had an effect of bringing us together with a sense of joyfulness and fellowship and a sense of unity of purpose and of meaning. Our practical experience has been that it has been a great strengthening to the church.

MR CAMERON What was the main purpose of the union?

DR THOMSON The main purpose of union was to be able more adequately to minister to the people of this country.

MR CAMERON Well in the first ten years that is between the years 1921 and 1931 there was a per-capita loss of those connected with the United Church compared with those who were connected with it before in the three denominations. It did not fulfill the purpose of being more capable of meeting the needs of the people—that is evangelism.

DR THOMSON I think there are a lot of things that enter there. You're taking the census reports, and a lot of people registered themselves as Presbyterians because they had always been.

MR CAMERON There is an inaccuracy there?

DR THOMSON Yes.

MR CAMERON It happened in other countries in the same period too.

DR THOMSON We can say so far as we are concerned in the United Church that it takes a long time for different religions to mix together.

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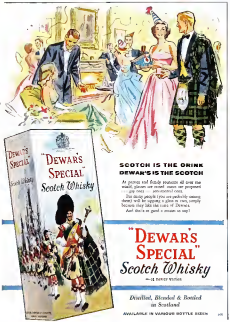

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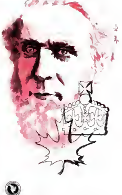

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MR. MILLS I now belong to a congregation which is a merger of one Methodist and two Presbyterian traditions and I would say that I couldn't identify the streams except for one or two people from those different congregations it is very difficult to do. Now that is a practical example of what can be done and I think it would be tragic if those three congregations were now trying to carry on separately in the centre of the city and in an area where only one is needed.

DR SEELEY This is the kind of way in which unity is going to come. You are not going to get immediate unity of all Christian bodies because you are going to get unity of Christian bodies that are close together to start with.

MR BERTON Would you say that the next union that comes at all will be between the Church of England and the United Church?

DR SEELEY I am not a prophet.

MR CAMERON Doctrinally the Anglican Church of Canada and Presbyterian are closer together than any other.

MR BERTON Let me ask a practical question. At the moment the Anglican Church will not marry people who have been divorced; some of the other churches here will. What would happen in the unity church? And how would you resolve such questions as temperance?

MISS FRANCIS Are there then different Christian ways of life?

DR. HEIK No. For example we are not so strict on temperance and by temperance I mean abstinence.

MISS FRANCIS Then there are different Christian ways of life?

MR CAMERON Oh there are different interpretations of what a Christian ought to do, but if you go back to the Bible as a rule of faith in life you'll find that temperance is taught in all things.

DR. SEELEY In a sense you would say there are different ways of Christian life. To be a Christian for me is not necessarily the same thing as to be a Christian for you. You might have a little different interpretation of the way of Christian life.

DR HEIK. Dr Thomson didn't you try a few years ago to get a pledge from your people not to drink any alcoholic beverages?

DR THOMSON We never entered into legislation in the matter but it was strongly advised that the membership of our church should be total abstainers from alcoholic beverages.

DR HEIK But that would never happen in our church.

DR THOMSON I saw a very strong letter sent out by the Primate of the Anglican Church in Canada drawing attention to the use of alcoholic liquor and indulgence therein which I could quite easily have signed.

DR HEIK Yes but we Lutherans would never make such an issue as this.

DR SEELEY But that doesn't matter. You see I think that the two points Mr Berton has raised there are in different categories. One is a matter of church order, the remarrying of divorced people, on which there would have to be some rule governing the whole church and that would have to be arrived at by discussion and examination.

MR BERTON Either have to decide to marry divorced people or not?

DR SEELEY Or leave it to the discretion of the individual.

MISS FRANCIS The individual clergyman?

DR THOMSON Yes. The United Church of Canada is not indifferent to the question of divorce. It is enjoined upon the minister who marries people that he shall inquire into all the circumstances and he shall not consent to any immorality or to accept divorces as a normal situation. But we do not take the same extreme view as the Anglican Church in Canada, that the innocent parties so-called should therefore forever be diverted from the possibility of remarriage.

DR SEELEY We haven't even a uniform practice throughout the Anglican communion. In the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States for instance there are circumstances in which remarriage could take place in church.

MR BERTON There are three areas of social controversy as far as the Protestant churches in this country are concerned: divorce, liquor and the Lord's Day. These are matters that affect the general concept of church unity. Is a rigid attitude on these social subjects hurting the church or hurting those churches which take a rigid attitude?

DR THOMSON I don't think any of us have abrogated the Decalogue and we take the view that the Sabbath is a day that should be set apart as being a rest from toil and an opportunity for worship — that wholesome tradition which has come down from the very earliest days of the church. I think most of us recognize that with the onward movement of the contemporary world it is not possible and possibly not even desirable to maintain what might be called a legal-istic rigidity with regard to the observance of the Sabbath. Nevertheless I think we all wish to conserve the manifest benefits which have accrued. I think the workers of this country will be very foolish if they give that up.

MR BERTON Isn't the desire to have a day off pretty well achieved by unions?

DR THOMSON If you become indifferent to one specific day you find a consideration of overtime begin to come in and the men begin to lose their day off.

MR BERTON But isn't it happening anyway?

DR THOMSON I think it is. I'm not a rigid Sabbatarian in the sense that I think perhaps my forefathers were. Even the books that one read in those days and other innocent recreations were frowned upon. Now I don't think any of us is prepared to take up that kind of position today.

DR HEIK We don't believe that the church has a right to enforce this thing. The early church did not observe a day of rest from work or toil. Certainly there is no evidence of that.

DR McDORMAND There is a general feeling that the church is seeking to impose this tradition upon society for its own benefit. This is most unjust to the church because the church is primarily concerned to preserve for mankind's interest a proper observance of a day of rest and worship.

MR BERTON Are you really concerned that people are not getting one day off out of the week?

DR McDORMAND What we were concerned about is that one day—the Lord's Day—be a little different from the commercialized high pressure week day with sport and business and everything going on just the same as other days of the week. The five-day week isn't the point. The point is that of the two days that remain, Saturday and Sunday, one should not be devoted entirely to the commercialization and the exploitation of man.

MISS FRANCIS You mean Sunday is better than tranquilizers.

DR McDORMAND Exactly.

MR CAMERON Isn't it reasonable to expect—for the church to expect at least—that Christian people should develop their spiritual nature and to ask that one day be set aside for that purpose?

MR BERTON The point that has just been made is that the church is trying—or some of the churches are—to impose this upon people who do not share its convictions.

DR McDORMAND The church is trying to bring moral pressure on its own congregation but not necessarily legal pressure on people who do not belong to that congregation.

MR CAMERON The law was made years ago and it's a provincial law. Now if people want that law changed they'll have the opportunity likely. But don't blame the churches for it.

DR McDORMAND It is not that I am arguing about it's the Lord's Day itself I am speaking of.

MISS FRANCIS Yes, but you are talking about rules that make it impossible for people in some communities to go to chamber music on a Sunday because church members want.

DR HEIK It is not right for the church to enlist the non-Christian state to enforce the Lord's Day in the way they are trying to do it.

MR BERTON On these controversial grounds on which the churches are battling, they seem to be losing. More and more people don't seem to want to keep the Sabbath, more and more seem to want to drink liquor by the glass, and more and more people are getting divorced and finding churches who will marry them if they have been divorced. Now doesn't these developments put the church in the public eye in a very bad light?

DR McDORMAND Well you see Mr Berton the church is not concerned primarily about public approval or disapproval. When the early church came into being there was a despised minority not doing the things that were done all about them. One of the major reasons for the Christian church's growth was that it expressed its conviction in such a way as to progressively win the assent of an increasing number of people. The Christian church is not going to respond to its divine commission by conforming and consenting to the things that are done. Its job is to declare what it believes to be the will of God for the good of man. If the liquor interests believe they have a perfect right to persuade people to drink, why haven't we an equal

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right to persuade them not to drink. We believe that abstinence in the use of liquor is a good thing for families, for individuals, for society. Why should we be afraid to say so because someone is going to criticize? In the long run the church is not going to increase in influence or in good by becoming silent on the things which it believes to be true simply because somebody doesn't like to hear the truth and says so.

MISS FRANCIS: I was just wondering if over the years the record of the church hasn't had to stand up against similar pressure periods and survived them fairly well?

DR. McDORMAND: The church has to become a minority again before it can become a majority.

DR. HEIK: Well, it's one thing to say it is good for you not to drink liquor (personally I'm not interested in liquor at all) and another to say if you drink liquor you can't be a Christian.

DR. THOMSON: I don't think any of us say that. Our church takes the view that every church member and every intelligent man must take: that there is far too much intoxicating liquor being consumed in this country at the present time. I don't think that our church today is taking up either the prohibitionist's point of view or the compulsory total abstinence as a condition of church membership. But we do counsel our people not to partake of intoxicating liquor.

DR. McDORMAND: No one speaks for all Baptist churches in Canada, and we do not have what might be termed "official positions" such as some other communions have, but it is definitely understood amongst us that total abstinence is the approved Baptist position in the matter of alcoholic beverages.

DR. SEELEY: There are a great many Anglicans who regard the taking of liquor as a moral matter and they would abstain from it. We have no rule within the church in this regard. It is a social problem and the church has something to say on social problems.

MR. BERTON: Is it proper for the church to speak on political problems as well?

DR. THOMSON: I think you could distinguish between what you might call party politics, and politics. It would be a monstrous doctrine to say that the church had nothing to say about the political life of this country.

MR. CAMERON: The greatest political crime in history was the crucifixion of Jesus. Now the church certainly has a right to make judgment in the light of the word of God as to what the politicians are doing.

DR. SEELEY: I think you would say that the church ministers to the whole man ... political life as well as to the whole man.

DR. McDORMAND: The church is a very important part of the community. Why shouldn't we have something to say as a very large and considerable responsible group of society about what is going on about us, which affects us?

MR. CAMERON: That touches again the reason that there should not be a national church. The church then is not free to speak its mind.

MISS FRANCIS: Mr. Cameron, I don't quite understand ... Is it the church speaking as the Presbyterian Church, as the Anglican Church, or is it the individual clergyman? Is it a Presbyterian point of view politically, or is it the point of view of the individual clergymen in the parish?

DR. HEIK: There is the question: Who is qualified to speak in the name of the church?

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DR. THOMSON: I think you can say there are three levels as far as the actual official statement of the church is concerned. First, the official constituted bodies such as, in the United Church of Canada, the General Council; in the Anglican Church, I imagine the Synod; and the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Or, from time to time a man who speaks forth as he is motivated by the work of God, not as a free-lance speaker or orator, but as a man who is ordained. Equally, the individual Christian as a man has an even greater responsibility than a man in the world to speak, to vote and to participate in the political life of the country as a member of a party or simply as a citizen at large. I think you've got all three levels.

MR. BERTON: In this respect let me ask this question: ... Where are the heretics within the church today ... where are the Luthers and the Calvins and the Wesleys ... are there any coming up?

DR. THOMSON: Were they heretics?

MR. BERTON: At one point in their contemporary time they were considered heretics.

DR. SEELEY: Well, there are lots of rebels in the church.

DR. McDORMAND: That's very apropos to our discussion about unity. At that time there was one universal church and there had to be heretics to correct the errors which had arisen through the sheer perils of megalomania.

MR. CAMERON: There is one thing that bothers us—the short-circuiting of the voice of the United Church on these practical questions. It is rather irksome to some people.

DR. THOMSON: How do you mean?

MR. CAMERON: I mean one department and one person speaks out and says: "This is what we should do." ... It isn't the mind of the church that is being spoken.

DR. THOMSON: You are speaking about the Board of Evangelism, are you?

MR. CAMERON: That's right.

DR. THOMSON: Well, as a matter of fact it's a properly constituted board of the church having its authority under the General Council.

DR. McDORMAND: But there are certain people who speak allegedly for the board before the board knows anything about what he is going to say. Now mind you that would fit perfectly well into our Baptist situation because each man speaks for himself.

MR. CAMERON: The United Church shouldn't put that on as the voice of the church.

On this note of genial disagreement the discussion drew to a close. ★

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The maddening war against permafrost

continued from page 23

Dew Line designers licked it by anchoring prefab "module" building on stilts.

Yukon made almost the same costly errors all over again.

Today, however, reason seems to be prevailing. In the new town of Aklavik, Northwest Territories, as well as in Nome, Alaska, Frobisher on Baffin Island and a string of anonymous Dew Line posts, governments and corporations are spending as much to keep from upsetting permafrost as they once did to root it. Protection not destruction is emphasized now, for it has been found that, if treated decently, permafrost can be a firm friend.

Sheltered from the unsettling influences of civilization, permafrost is stauncher than concrete as a foundation for buildings. Over vast areas where rain is a rarity permafrost holds moisture in the soil and prevents deserts from forming. In some parts of the Arctic it acts as a permanent repository for prehistoric plants and animals. In others, it preserves historical relics.

It is so cold and so readily accessible in many regions that an Arctic householder with a pickax and patience can hack himself out a natural deep freeze.

These valuable uses of permafrost have come to light partly as a result of intense research stimulated by an ominous but obvious fact: the Russians know more about permafrost than we do. For twenty years Russia has had a special building code for permafrost zones while we are just formulating one. Fair-sized towns like Yakutsk, Chita and probably others, flourish in Siberia's permafrost regions. Our largest settlement on permafrost is Aklavik, whose permanent residents number barely four hundred.

If developments in Canada's north are to keep pace with those in the south and in Russia, one fact is apparent. "Coming to terms with permafrost has become a matter of urgent necessity," declares Trevor A. Harwood of Canada's Defence Research Board.

In an effort to come to terms we've learned a lot about permafrost in the last few years. We know, for example, that it's not a substance in itself, rather it's a frozen, granite-hard condition of any soil or mixture of soil, usually protected by a thick mat of organic material called muskeg. Permafrost differs from the seasonal freeze-ups of the southern half of Canada in one important respect: permafrost never thaws.

In Canada the continuous permafrost line crosses the tip of Ungava, dips below the western bulge of Hudson Bay and thence runs northwest to Alaska just north of Whitehorse. South of the line it may appear in sporadic patches in areas of fine sand or clay. The whole permafrost zone, however, is believed to be retreating several hundred yards northward each year.

Russian records confirm our observations of this warming trend. Wells dug for the city of Mezen, Siberia, in 1837 all hit through permafrost. In 1933 engineers had to go forty kilometres north of Mezen to find traces of it.

Recent tests have shown that there is a condition known as "dry permafrost"—that is, permanently frozen soil or gravel containing no moisture. This type of permafrost is no trouble to man. If it should be disturbed it keeps its shape and solidity. Not so the permafrost in clay or fine silts. These may contain up to six times as much water as solid matter, usually in layers of ice known as "ice lenses."

If wind, fire, flood, building heat or bulldozer should expose this wet permafrost to thaw, the bottom literally drops out from under. The permafrost shrinks to a fraction of its former bulk and the ground becomes a soupy mass of mud.

At Norman Wells a central heating plant was erected in 1942 with little thought for the permafrost only inches below in the wet silt. Almost at once this began to thaw. By summer the supports of the plant were so undermined that nine-inch cracks gaped in the floor. Four years later, in spite of constant repair work, it had to be abandoned.

It does not require the steady heat of boilers to upset permafrost. So sensitive is it to temperature changes that the mere shadow of a building may affect the permafrost level of an entire area. During the war hangars were built facing south at such eastern Arctic bases as Frobisher and Chimo. Reflected heat from the sun melted the permafrost over a wide area in front of the buildings, while in the cooler shadows cast by the buildings the permafrost level rose, taking the side of the hangars with it.

It was only an accident of geography that the 1,670-mile-long Alaska Highway rarely touched the permafrost line or it might not have been finished by November 1942. The few times engineers did encounter permafrost in the Canadian section enabled them to recognize the type of terrain in which it was most likely to occur. Thus, by the time the road clashed into Alaska where permafrost occurred more frequently, they were able to avoid it almost entirely. If they could not, they resorted to tactics that have since become standard procedure in the north: root out the permafrost to depths of ten feet, or more if necessary, fill with coarse gravel and allow to refreeze. Then, and only then, lay down your road, your hangar, your airstrip, your heating plant.

This method, which is known today as the "active" approach to permafrost, is generally employed on permanent installations such as radar towers, railways, bridges and large buildings. But though efficient it is time-consuming and costly. For homes or larger low-cost temporary structures several "passive" methods have been developed at the Norman Wells field station of the Building Research Division of the National Research Council of Canada.

The simplest passive method for building on permafrost is a framework of logs called a "mudsill." Heavier structures usually are placed two feet up on piles which are sunk into the permafrost by an ingenious technique known as "steam-jetting." Hollow pipes are driven into the permafrost under pressure of fifty to eighty pounds of steam. This quickly thaws about a foot all around the pipe. Wooden posts, sometimes greased or tar-papered to resist the uplifting tendency of the permafrost, are then driven in butt down and left to refreeze solidly before the weight of the building is put on them.

Either of these methods can be used effectively, according to John Pihlainen, a Montreal-born Finnish engineer who is in charge of the Norman Wells field station. (Because of his occupation and the difficulty of pronouncing his name he is known throughout the north as "Johnny Permafrost.") But there is a still better and cheaper method.

"If you choose your site carefully enough, looking for rock or coarse gravel for your foundation, you may build with complete disregard for permafrost and its headaches," says Pihlainen.

Skating on muskeg

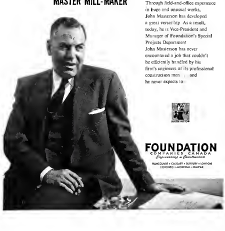
This approach is not always possible where a building or town must be erected on a particular spot. It was used successfully at Uranium City, Sask., however, where they laid out the townsite seven miles away from the mine to take advantage of better foundations. And it may be the same approach used by the Russians in operating large settlements in their permafrost zone.

Even if permafrost is not disturbed it can create difficulties. In summer water from the melting upper layers of soil or muskeg gradually seeps down onto the impermeable surface of the permafrost, creating an effect not unlike a rug on a polished floor. You can walk across such an area and find it firm underfoot. But try to cross the same space in a truck, tractor, tank or bulldozer and you may come to a slithering halt. No matter which way you proceed, the ground simply edges away from under and your vehicle remains where it was.

"If the first tractor in a line can cross, generally all of them can," says Defence Research Board expert T. A. Harwood, "but usually they all bog down."

Outside of sticking to good roads, which are difficult to build, or using aircraft, there is no known solution to this vexing dilemma of how to move material across permafrost country in summer. This fact alone has undoubtedly added millions to the cost of military and commercial enterprises in the north.

Permafrost is the main reason why Aklavik is being moved from the Mackenzie delta to a spot thirty-five miles east on the mainland known as "East



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3" Nowhere on earth probably is permafrost more in command than in the spongy silt of old Aklavik where it reaches to within four or five inches of surface in many places. An attempt to bulldoze an airstrip near the town resulted not only in failure but in the loss of the bulldozer as well. It sank slowly into the disturbed permafrost and no other machine could be risked to rescue it.

These are the dramatic things, but other aggravating problems and inconveniences caused by permafrost are felt every day in every home in old Aklavik. At many outposts such as Churchill, Norman Wells and Frobisher ingenious insulated conduit boxes called "utilidors" are used to convey water, sewage and heating pipes to their destinations. The idea is that the warmth from the heating pipe is just enough to keep the other two pipes from freezing. But utilidors are not used in old Aklavik, mainly because the cost of installing them about the scattered town so that the permafrost under them would not thaw and upset the whole system would be prohibitive. In summer, because of the permafrost so close to surface, all water is delivered by pipes simply laid on the ground. Winter supplies come from blocks of river ice dumped daily into a barrel in the vestibule of each home.

Since septic tanks are costly to dig and maintain and decomposition is very slow anyway, human waste must be carted away and destroyed. Household waste simply empties into open ditches running past the houses.

"It's quite a shock for newcomers to see the dishwater they throw into the sink just pouring out onto the ground below the kitchen window," says Mrs. Bert Wallace, wife of the manager of the North Star Inn.

Cellars are somewhat of a rarity in silt-based centres like old Aklavik, partly because of the difficulty of digging them and partly because of the unsettling effect they have on the houses themselves.

At such places as Nome, Whitehorse and Dawson City cellars are more commonplace. In parts of these settlements the permafrost may be as much as fifty feet below the surface and it takes about six months for the deep cold of winter to reach it. Thus in spring, while the surface is warming up, the depths are getting colder. This is true in southern communities as well. Deep water mains in Winnipeg have been known to freeze up in June. Conversely, in the late fall the heat of summer is just starting to penetrate the depths.

These constant changes between the upper and lower layers cause movement often quite unpredictable. Buildings in Dawson City for example lean at an angle and most have their foundations repaired every two years. Cracks appear overnight as the houses tilt this way or that. Many homes in Nome have plates on the bottom of the doors, which can be raised or lowered as the house shifts.

Ordinary seasonal frost heaves aggravated by permafrost which will not allow the collected water to run off have been known to snap oil lines in homes, bringing the threat of death by freezing to whole families.

The good effects of permafrost are most apparent on the tundra, that vast area of Canada where the rainfall may be as little as two inches per year, compared with forty in Montreal and fifty-seven in Vancouver. Here though the air is crackle dry, pools of water dapple the bare earth, animals abound and in summer the earth is a gay riot of color.

"Were it not for the permafrost preventing surface water from penetrating to depths beyond the reach of plant roots," explains Dominion Botanist A. E. Porsild in his book Plant Life in the Arctic, "most of the Arctic zone would be a lifeless desert."

In the western Arctic, where permafrost underlies the forest, it is generally the trees with shallow root systems—such as aspen, beech and paper birch—that survive. White spruce may grow more than a hundred feet high where permafrost is only two feet down. High winds or earth movements sometimes capsize whole areas of these unstably based trees, causing what are known as "drunken forests."

Permafrost's value as a treasure house of prehistoric plants and animals is unquestioned. In Alaskan deposits twenty-seven different plants and twenty large mammals have been found, along with rodents, mollusks and even sponges. Carved mastodon tusks have long been tourist souvenirs in Dawson City. In 1901 during a flood near Sredne-Kolymsk, Siberia, the almost whole body of a young male mammoth melted free of its permafrost tomb and floated to the surface, terrifying the inhabitants.

"The flesh was soft, looking like boiled meat," runs the report of the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg (now Leningrad) where the find was shipped. "The dogs ate it greedily."

At Naujan on Repulse Bay in the Northwest Territories permafrost has also preserved boots, bone utensils, leather, grass mats and even blubber left by early explorers and inhabitants of our Arctic.

Occasionally permafrost may be a help and a hindrance to man at the same time.

Permafrost overlay averaging fifteen feet but up to a hundred and fifty feet deep kept Yukon gold rush miners from reaching pay streaks of the precious metal on the ancient bed rock. At first they tried using the heat of the sun to melt the permafrost, which they shoveled aside. But this was too slow so they changed to wood fires, heaping the fagots during the long winter nights, clearing the thawed earth by day.

If they were smart and melted only narrow shafts down to bedrock, the very permafrost that had blocked them from their goal now helped them, keeping the shafts solid and safe without wooden props.

For many years now a four-year operation of brush-clearing, topsoil removal, thawing of permafrost and finally dredging has been used by big companies to obtain gold from the valleys of the Yukon and Alaska. The thawing is spectacular, involving a variation of steam-piping but with river water used instead of steam. Cold river water is cheaper than steam and is still warmer than permafrost.

Oddly, the townsite of new Aklavik has returned to the original methods of the Klondike miners to obtain not gold but building gravel. Each summer day shelves of dry permafrost are exposed to the sun's rays, the stones being cleared away next day in a continuing process.

How did it get that way?

In parts of Alaska this trend is being reversed. When the U.S. Navy drills for oil at Point Barrow it now puts refrigerated coils into the soil beneath its heavy rigs to keep the heat from disturbing the permafrost. Similar coils were placed under the addition to the Nome public school last year. This method was used because the three-storey Federal Block in Nome—though set on piles in 1937—has been heaved so badly it must be replaced.

Much of the feverish research now going on is directed toward finding out how permafrost got that way. Was it formed, as some authorities say, by the same intense cold that ages ago sent the glaciers grinding down across the land? Or is it a weather phenomenon occurring when two or more cloudy summers are followed by cold winters, creating a reserve of cold in the ground? There is evidence to support both these theories.

Most scientists agree that the glaciers did not cause permafrost to form. While the glaciers were present the ground was protected from the cold air above.

Some of the other phenomena connected with permafrost are intriguing. In many parts of the permafrost zone, for example, the ground displays distinct polygon-shaped patterns, often up to three hundred feet each in diameter and plainly visible from the air. What causes these to form? And what causes the "pingoes," strange mounds of pure clear ice fifty to a hundred and fifty feet high? One of these in Siberia is so old that the remains of a prehistoric man's campfire was found on its summit.

What causes the submerged lakes occasionally found deep in permafrost? How can layers of unfrozen earth exist in permafrost? These layers, known by their Russian name *talik*, frequently have springs and streams flowing through them. Parts of Nome get their water from such springs which bubble up warm, mineral-filled and delicious.

Other springs exhibit a playful tendency, rising to the surface unexpectedly if a bathhouse or home should melt the restraining permafrost above them. At Omootnaya, Siberia, in 1939 such a spring broke free of the *talik* and suddenly shot upward, engulfing a house and freezing solidly in a matter of minutes. When the logs were pried away a perfect replica of the house in solid ice was left.

More practical but important questions nag at Canadian scientists: where exactly does permafrost occur? How many feet per year is it melting in, say, Hay River on Great Slave Lake? What specific ground conditions dictate that one lot in Yellowknife should be bothered by permafrost unduly and the next one be free from permafrost? Above all, how can you be sure it is permafrost below where you want to build and not just seasonal frost?

Twenty years of test borings may be necessary before the first three of these questions can be answered. But new methods of determining the presence of permafrost could make the whole program easier. Such principles as seismic refraction, gravity profiles, electric resistivity and others are being investigated here, while undoubtedly the Soviets are trying others. Somewhere, soon, someone may turn up a portable permafrost detector as simple to use as a Geiger counter.

If this should happen will Canada then be able to control her permafrost the way the Russians appear to be controlling their "*vechnaya merzlota*"?

The Russians have a phrase that covers this eventuality. It is *kto znayet?* — which roughly translated means, "Who knows?" ★

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WILLIAMS

"Do her justice," Louie pleaded. "I have the evidence," snorted Mrs. Cash.

Mrs. Brennan's secret continued from page 36

of the crate. Try to explain that away!"

Louie dropped the egg he was holding. But it was almost as if he had thrown it.

For years he had noticed a gurgling sound in Mrs. Brennan's egg crates. The storekeeper sold a number of ungraded eggs and insisted on getting those from Mrs. Brennan's hens. He had never explained why and Louie had preserved a kind of innocence by never asking. When a man buys his eggs ungraded it implies a gentleman's agreement—a mutual acceptance of the good with the bad—and as the eggs were never lifted to a candling light . . . the lid of the crate was never lifted to show why the eggs gurgled.

"This is a breach of provincial law," said Mrs. Cash. "It's a matter for the Mounties. And if you don't have them in town by two o'clock, I'll get them myself."

"Mrs. Brennan couldn't pay a fine," Louie said. "You'll be sending her to jail."

Mrs. Cash snorted and opened the big door. "She's breaking the law."

"And she's supporting herself," said Louie pushing back his chair. "She hasn't cost the taxpayers a cent since her husband disappeared into the north."

Mrs. Cash stepped into the tiny office that opened onto the street. "The law is the law, Mr. Zimmel."

"God damn woman!" Louie moved his stiff knee and struggled up from his chair. "Mrs. Brennan is in a tough spot. Try and do her justice."

"Justice!" said Mrs. Cash. "Don't you get fifty dollars a month for being the town policeman?"

"Sure —" Louie waved his hands, searching for an explanation —"sure I'm the town policeman. But listen to common sense—"

Mrs. Cash went through the open front door and stepped down onto the wooden sidewalk. "I have the evidence locked up in my cooler."

"Just think about it," Louie called. "You got to think about feelings a little. You're sending a neighbor woman to jail."

A dog started up from the shade under the sidewalk but Mrs. Cash, without glancing to either side, marched stiffly across the dusty street.

Louie slammed the door and reached for the broom and dustpan to clean up the egg. His cap was hanging on the handle of the broom. He took the cap and tried to straighten the broken brim. After a moment he swore softly and he flopped the cap onto his head.

As he stepped out onto the sidewalk, shading his eyes from the sun, Mrs. Cash pretended not to have been watching and disappeared into the square two-story hotel that was the town's only brick building.

Louie slapped his pockets looking for his ring of keys. All he could find was his badge.

WHEN the chokecherries were ripe along the Battle River Mrs. Brennan would drive down to her secret places in an old buggy and she would pick two milk pails and a cream can full of chokecherries. Then she would get sugar and yeast from the storekeeper on credit and she would make wine. When the dandelions were in bloom she would walk along the railroad track and pick the yellow blossoms until she had filled a gunny sack. For hours there would be a copper boiler and a galvanized washtub sitting on her stove and she would be out splitting wood on a hot day. Or when the rhubarb was ready along the north fence of her garden she would go out and fill apple box after apple box with fresh juicy mouth-twisting rhubarb. And one evening as the sun went down behind the town's five grain elevators she would lift a brass funnel from bottle to bottle and she would pour a long stream of wine from an old granite water dipper into the funnel.

Mrs. Brennan was always busy.

But now today as Louie approached the big unpainted house where she lived alone, everything seemed suddenly deserted. The house and chicken coop were set behind a poplar grove on a corner of town land that was virgin prairie and Louie came upon them unexpectedly. Where the founders of the town had dreamed that skyscrapers would grow an old horse was drowsing in the sun. Chickens bathed and slept in the dust beneath the caragana hedge and everything was so still that Louie felt he was driving into an ambush.

When he braked his *jalopy* to a stop in front of the porch there was still no sign of Mrs. Brennan.

Quickly he turned off the ignition and climbed out of the Model A. He had sawed off the back end of the car and had built a small box over the hind wheels and now, urgently, he lifted a sack of oyster shells out of the box as if to sandbag an emplacement in the face of enemy fire.

"Why, Louie!"

Louie twisted on his bad leg as if someone had touched his ribs with a knife.

Mrs. Brennan was standing at a corner of the house holding up the bottom of

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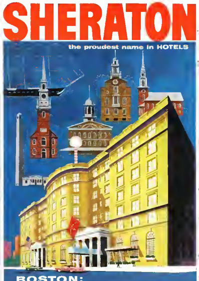
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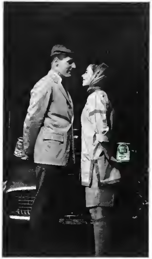

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her apron, a grape basket full of eggs on her free arm, a smile bright on her brown face.

"Here's a sack of oyster shells," Louie said. He noticed that her nose was peeling a little from the sun.

"Oyster? ... Well, thank you," Mrs. Brennan said. She tried to move one of her hands.

"Wait." Louie dropped the oyster shells and snatched off his cap and began to put the eggs from Mrs. Brennan's apron into his cap. "You're probably wondering what brought me." He stopped to pick some straw out of his cap. "I was driving out this way ... and the storekeeper mentioned you could use some oyster shells."

Mrs. Brennan nodded her agreement. When she could let go of her apron she picked an egg out of the basket and held it up. "Look at this." The shell had been cracked by the weight of the hen's body. "It's my Leghorns," she said. "They need calcium or something."

"Wouldn't that frost you?" Louie said, looking away from her dark brown eyes, which were not concerned with the egg. He picked up the sack of oyster shells and set it on the porch beside the skate blade that was used to scrape shoes.

"I appreciate your doing this," Mrs. Brennan said. "... But I haven't got a penny in the house right now." She brightened again. "Maybe I could give you—"

"No, no, no!" Louie protested. "Not at all." He had told himself he would find an excuse, he would lessen the trouble. And now all she did was offer more evidence. He handed her the cap full of eggs and started to get into the Model A. "I just wanted to ... I really ..." Again he stopped.

"I'm fixing dinner right this minute," Mrs. Brennan said. "At least you can stay for a bite to eat."

Louie tugged at a shoe lace fastened to his belt and brought out his watch. It was 11.30 a.m. The RCMP detachment was forty miles away and he would have to allow them an hour for the drive. "It's nearly dinnertime," he said. "I guess I better hustle along."

"Come in and sit down for a minute," Mrs. Brennan said. She indicated that he would have to open the door. "You can't be in that big a hurry."

Without giving Louie a chance to reply she led him into the house and offered him a chair by the kitchen table. She put the eggs in the pantry and stuck a piece of wood in the fire. After she had moved the tea kettle, she began to stir a pot of stew that was simmering on the back of the stove.

"When do you eat your meals now?" she asked, lifting a wooden spoon full of small onions and bits of carrot and rich chunks of beef.

"I still live at the hotel," Louie said. He noticed some chokecherries in a Roger's syrup pail sitting on the table. "There's nowhere else to stay."

"I hear some new people took over the hotel."

"A fellow by the name of Cash came down from the city. He runs the beer parlor and his wife runs everything."

"I hope she's a good cook," Mrs. Brennan said.

Louie sniffed the peppery aroma of the stew and when Mrs. Brennan turned her head he reached over and scooped up a few chokecherries. They were big and shiny and almost black, ripe, and in a moment his mouth puckered deliciously to their astringent sweetness. "If you like lumpy mush and lumpy mashed potatoes she's the best cook in town."

"That settles it," Mrs. Brennan said. She set a loaf of homemade bread on the end board from an apple box. "You're staying for dinner."

"No." Louie shook his head. "We eat at twelve and I want to get back and wash up." He looked around at the bright clean kitchen and thought of his musty room at the top of the hotel stairs, the dimly lit bathroom at the end of the hall. "I got to get back."

"Now, Louie," Mrs. Brennan said. "You ought to stop long enough to tell me about this Mrs. Cash you're so anxious to get back to."

"Well ..." Louie blushed and shifted the chokecherries in his mouth. When he spoke his teeth showed a purple tint. "If nothing else she knows how to squeeze a nickel. She cut down on help the day after she moved in, and she's always counting how many glasses of beer her husband gets out of a keg."

Mrs. Brennan put some homemade raspberry jam and a lump of butter on the table. There were drops of water on the butter and it looked fresh and cool.

Louie shifted to the edge of his chair. "If she hears somebody is buying drinks somewhere besides in the hotel beer parlor, she says she'll put a stop to it."

"Tea or coffee?" Mrs. Brennan asked.

"Huh?"

"What'll you drink?"

"Maybe ... I got to go," Louie said. He spit the chokecherry stones into his hand and dropped them in the woodbox.

"It's too late for maybe," Mrs. Brennan said. "Tea or coffee?"

Louie watched as she set two pieces of the table. "Coffee," he said. "But I guess I better wash up first."

"You got lots of time."

Louie looked around. "Whereabouts?" he said.

"That's right," Mrs. Brennan said. She looked at him quickly. "You've never been here before."

"This is the first time," Louie said, looking down at the worn linoleum.

"The wash basin is behind there," Mrs. Brennan pointed at a door across the kitchen. "But the water pail's empty, Louie. If you went out and got a pail dinner would be ready by the time you washed."

"Be glad to," Louie said. He shifted his stiff leg and started to get up.

Mrs. Brennan noticed his efforts and hastened to interrupt. "Oh, excuse me, Louie. Just sit down. I can get it in a minute."

"It's no trouble, honest," Louie said. He stumbled, hurrying to get the water pail, and a moment later he unhooked the back screen door and went out toward the pump.

WHEN they had finished eating Louie looked at his watch again.

Mrs. Brennan turned from the table to look at the clock sitting on top of the cabinet. "Mrs. Cash will be giving you up," she said. "It's ten to one."

"I got a quarter to," Louie said. He had been trying for the past hour to get on the subject of bootlegging. Mostly as town policeman he had to keep the men from standing on the dance floor when there was a dance in the Elk's Hall, or at the annual sports day he would show people where to park their cars.

"That's a fancy timepiece you got there," Louie said, nodding toward the kitchen cabinet.

The clock on the cabinet had a shiny face with Roman numerals, an elaborate brass pendulum, and a tiny system of weights all mounted inside a glass dome.

"It's twenty-some years old," Mrs. Brennan said. "My husband sent it to me one Christmas from up north."

Louie looked down at the plate he had just wiped clean with his last piece of bread. "Guess he's not likely to come ..."

"I don't imagine so."

Louie glanced again at the clock. "But maybe he could send you a few dollars if you mentioned it."

"I don't know where he is," Mrs. Brennan said.

"Then you ought to"— Louie hesitated —"you ought to see a lawyer. Maybe ... according to the law, maybe you ain't bound—"

"Law!" Mrs. Brennan said. "What kind of a law is that, Louie?"

Louie scratched himself under the arm. "I mean he ain't fussy about settling down."

"I'm married to him," Mrs. Brennan said.

Louie toyed with his fork. This was the first time in his life that he had eaten a meal alone in a house with a woman and he thought of the man who could sit with this woman every meal and didn't.

Mrs. Brennan got up from the table. "Guess I better get the dishes cleared away."

Louie started to get up.

"Just sit still," Mrs. Brennan said. "Want some more coffee?"

"No, no thank you. This is fine." He raised the empty cup to his lips as if there was something in it.

When Mrs. Brennan turned away, he fumbled for his pipe. He unrolled a long leather pouch and tamped the pipe full of tobacco, and while Mrs. Brennan dipped hot water from the reservoir with a tomato can, he struck a series of wooden matches on the bottom of his chair.

Louie had never enjoyed himself this way before. Now, watching from behind his pipe, he admired the surface of the flowered yellow oilcloth beginning to gleam as Mrs. Brennan wiped it clean. Drowsily he listened to the clink of knives and forks and spoons dropped one by one from a dish towel into a drawer. He looked about lazily and approved the neat array on the cabinet shelves, the mugs, the saucers, the gilt-edged china.

For once in his life he didn't have to hurry out of the dining room back to the insulated walls of his egg grading station. When Mrs. Brennan flung the dish water out the back door and disappeared into the pantry, he balanced his pipe on the clean oilcloth and for a minute he let himself doze off into a pleasant sleep.

WAKE up," Mrs. Brennan said. "You come to see me so seldom I think you deserve a little treat."

Louie started and looked about.

There before him on the table was a glass of chokecherry wine.

"What time is it?" Louie asked.

"A little after one. You're not leaving?"

"I got to phone the police," Louie blurted.

"What's the matter?" Mrs. Brennan said.

Louie looked away and didn't answer. He thought of Mrs. Cash, of the four bottles of wine locked up in a cooler and waiting for the Mounties. He thought of the note on the crate of eggs. He had kept those things out of his mind for a few minutes and now they burst back in again. He had known all the time that he would not change those things had

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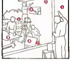

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known even while he fooled himself in his anger and now his predicament admitted he could admit to himself why he was here.

Mrs. Brennan sat down on the opposite side of the table. "That's why you came?" she said. She slumped a little.

"You got to understand," Lonnie said.

"That's why you came, Lonnie. After all these years that's why. It wasn't for those oyster shells at all."

"You got to try and understand." Lonnie picked up the cold pipe. "Mrs. Cash—she got hold of that last batch of eggs."

Mrs. Brennan didn't move.

"It was a mistake, see?" Lonnie said. "But she knew somebody in town was making wine and every time somebody takes a drink of wine she figures there's a glass of beer she ain't selling."

"I can't pay a fine," Mrs. Brennan said.

"I know," Lonnie said.

They sat without speaking, and Lonnie mechanically crossed his good leg over his stiff left knee. "If I don't phone right away Mrs. Cash is going to phone. And she might get a lot of people in trouble."

"Everybody drinks my wine," Mrs. Brennan said.

"I thought maybe they did."

"In the winter," Mrs. Brennan said. "When they're playing Norwegian whist or a few hands of euchre or when somebody butchers or when there's a blizzard on."

"I know, I know," Lonnie said. "That's why I got to phone."

Mrs. Brennan looked out the window at the old horse sleeping in the sun. "There's a phone in the parlor."

Lonnie didn't move.

"Why did you come out here to phone?" Mrs. Brennan said.

"I wanted to let you know," Lonnie said.

"I'm not blaming you," Mrs. Brennan said. "You couldn't know what was in that crate."

"It's not that." Lonnie cleared his throat and hesitated before he began. "Remember that time . . . that time my knee got hurt?"

Mrs. Brennan's voice was small. "Yes."

"I just wanted you to know I ain't doing this because of hard feelings."

Mrs. Brennan stopped him when he tried to get up and without speaking went into the parlor.

When Lonnie heard her ring for central he picked up the glass of wine and drank it down. He liked the taste of the wine. But it was all gone in one swallow.

Mrs. Brennan came back into the kitchen. "Your party's on the line."

"I hope you understand," Lonnie said. With one hand he pushed himself up off the chair. At the parlor doorway he turned and looked at Mrs. Brennan. Again he noticed the skin on her nose was peeling.

"Lonnie," Mrs. Brennan said, "in all those years since—at least you could have dropped in for a visit. You could have just dropped in for a cup of coffee or a bite to eat."

Lonnie shook his head a little. "You could have mentioned it was okay, couldn't you?"

Mrs. Brennan did not have an answer and she turned away. Then she saw the empty glass on the table and she turned back to Lonnie in surprise.

Suddenly Lonnie smiled. He had a vision of Mrs. Cash with her head held high, staring straight ahead. At least it was not too late to mention that. "[illegible]," he said. "You wouldn't have a couple of bottles of something I could take back to my room?"

After Mrs. Brennan returned his smile he started walking again, limping toward the phone. ★

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For the sake of argument continued from page 10

"Outside Quebec, Christianity seems too nominal to justify Canada being described as Christian"

that city are non-churchgoers, and I suspect that much the same exists in all of the cities of our country with the possible exception of certain communities in the province of Quebec, which is one of the few remaining Christian societies in the world. Outside Quebec, however, Christianity seems much too nominal to justify Canada being called a Christian society in any meaningful sense.

What kind of society is it then? one might ask. It is certainly not Moslem or Hindu. I would say that it is a secular society in which the Christian church is only one among many interacting social forces and influences.

Some notion of what I mean can be gained by comparing our modern culture in English Canada with the genuinely Christian society of the Middle Ages, traces of which still thrive in Quebec. As the English historian R. H. Tawney points out in his book Religion and the Rise of Capitalism, medieval Christianity was a social organism in which the economic, political, aesthetic and social realms of life were all integrated under the aegis of the church. There was nothing in life that was not religious or directly affected by religion.

The church permeated all spheres of life and was virtually supreme. Its teachings were not always practiced—medieval people were not living in the Kingdom of God—but everyone knew what these teachings were and was aware of them as the standard of conduct in all things. Life was regarded as a pilgrimage or better an interlude in the eternal pilgrimage that ultimately led either to the throne of God or eternal damnation, and all political, economic, social and aesthetic values were judged in the light of this perspective.

The medieval guild, for example, was a religious fraternity. Unfair competition, shoddy workmanship and usury were not simply bad business practices, they were sins, and the medieval craftsman was eternally conscious of divine judgment and constantly reminded of it by the master craftsman of his guild. The medieval church and state were closely integrated. Kings, barons and priests were mutually dependent. The state was the secular arm of the church, the church the secular arm of the state. Almost all medieval art and architecture was for the purpose of teaching Christian doctrine to the illiterate, and theology was queen of philosophy and the sciences. Medieval Europe was a Christian society.

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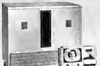

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For good or for ill this is not the state of affairs now. From the Renaissance onward there has been a marked process of secularization throughout the Western world, a phenomenon that has been much commented upon by both Roman Catholic and Protestant theologians. The late Archbishop of Canterbury, William Temple, has given us perhaps the clearest picture of it in his book Nature, Man and God.

"During the fifteenth century," he tells us, "many things were happening which tended to arouse the critical spirit. All tradition and the systems associated with it was bound up with the Church. There was a scheme of thought embracing Theology, Metaphysics, Logic, Politics, Ethics and Economics. It was in a still coherent and close knit, but Theology was the keystone of its arch and the guardian of theological doctrine was the Church."

In the course of succeeding centuries this scheme of things disintegrated. The breach took place first in the sphere of politics. The kings asserted their independence of ecclesiastical control and accomplished it. Then the guild system broke down and was replaced by competitive capitalism, the principles of which were economic rather than religious. The Dutch and Venetian painters led a movement in art away from Christian themes and in the direction of naturalistic ones. Philosophers became bold and, as Temple tells us, the main stream of Western thought and theology separated after René Descartes, the seventeenth-century French thinker, committed the *faux pas* (from the archbishop's point of view) of making skepticism respectable.

What religion can hide

Whether all of this is good or bad depends on one's own point of view. Liberals tend to approve of secularization because it has led to greater freedom for the individual. The orthodox, on the other hand, quite naturally feel that many of the secularizing developments of the past three or four centuries have been disastrous. Few want to return to the Middle Ages, most, however, want to restore the Christian gospel to its original prominence as a guide in political, economic and social life. The motive is understandable. A devout Christian quite naturally wants a Christian society. Some of the methods used to attain it, however, are extremely questionable.

Religion is oftentimes a cloak for what is in reality the crudest sort of bullying of the weak by the strong. Too often the teachings followed (though not necessarily practised) are Machiavelli's and Nietzsche's rather than those of Jesus. Because they can often claim a statistical majority the stronger religious bodies oftentimes arrogate to themselves special privileges, demand conformity to their ways on the part of the whole community and deny ordinary rights and freedoms to the members of religious bodies that are financially and numerically weak.

Part of the difficulty perhaps lies with the prevalence within some churches of what psychologists refer to as authoritarian personalities. By reason of early upbringing and conditioning a great many people have fixed attitudes and think in terms of black and white absolutes. Oftentimes, they feel that theirs is the one true faith and that anything else is error. Those who follow error are in need of correction and so the fortunate ones who see the light have a moral obligation to lead those who walk in the darkness. Truth, says the authoritarian, is one and I know what it is. Quite logically people who feel this way find it easy to impose their beliefs on others and, as Arnold Toynbee points out in his An Historian's Approach to Religion, do so with a perfectly clear conscience. They do it in the same spirit by which a loving parent corrects an erring child. Dissenters, of course, resent both the correction and the spirit of condescension that accompanies it and hence there is conflict.

The solution to the conflict, I think, lies in a better observance being made of our traditional British traditions of constitutional freedom and human rights. Sternly orthodox Christians should have every right to preach, advocate and work for a universal Christian society. Moreover any church should have the right to impose upon its own members any restrictions upon thought, expression and conduct that it deems essential to its message and mission. If it is essential to a man's religion that he submit to an authoritarianism that is repellent to others of us we must permit him that privilege. To do otherwise is to risk the chances of an otherwise democratic society becoming totalitarian in the process of repressing authoritarians in its midst.

Where church rights end

On the other hand, no church should have the right to impose its will upon people who are not of its faith or to force them to subscribe to its doctrines or participate in its observances. No church has the right to use the power of the state or public funds in its sectarian interests.

All churches, in other words, have the right to regulate the conduct and thought of those who are of their faith but none has the right to regulate the thought and conduct of those who are not of it. All churches have the right to persuade those who are not of their faith but none of them has the right to coerce them. Before the law all men should be equal in their rights either to worship in the church of their own choice and claim their own customs or not to worship at all. These principles are essential to democracy. If these principles were observed by all churches most of the conflict over religion would disappear.

There is a further problem related to the first and this is the fact that some Christians insist that their religion is the sole source of both our democracy and our ethical values. We are told that without common agreement on Christian essentials freedom will be lost, order will vanish and morality will disappear. From the historical point of view the basis of this argument is very tenuous.

Orthodox theologians such as Paul Tillich and Reinhold Niebuhr tell us that the ethical teachings of Jesus were neither original nor exclusive. The teachings of love, mercy and forgiveness had been preached by the rabbis and prophets of Israel for centuries before the New Testament was written and they were known and taught by the Greek philosophers long before the birth of Jesus.

Most orthodox theologians of both the Roman Catholic and Protestant faiths tell us that the chief significance of Jesus is that He is a self-disclosure on the part of God and the supernatural means to the redemption of man. He restated and reiterated the moral law that had already been revealed to the Jews and added to it the power of His own redemptive love. This, as I understand it, is the central belief of orthodox Christianity and I do not see that it detracts from Christianity in any way for it to be admitted by Christians that the moral values they follow are for the most part shared by the adherents of Judaism, Buddhism, Hinduism and other religions. Even the most superficial study of comparative religions will quickly reveal this to be the case.

The Golden Rule, for example, is one teaching that is common to almost all of the eleven higher religions of the world. Furthermore, nearly all of the church fathers such as Justin Martyr, Origen and Tertullian were men who were steeped in Greek philosophy and a great deal of their moral teaching can be traced to that source. The ethical ideals of our Western civilization are not exclusively Christian. They are a continuous and evolving stream which began with the

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Egyptians and has been fed by many brooks and rivulets.

This is also true of democracy. The oft repeated notion that democracy is of Christian origins is without historical foundations. Western democracy was developed first by the pagan Greeks and most of our democratic principles have come down to us from them. Democracy disappeared in Greece after the Peloponnesian Wars and was not revived again until such idealists as John Locke in the seventeenth century and Jean Jacques Rousseau and Thomas Jefferson in the eighteenth century began to expound its principles. Nearly all of these idealists were steeped in the Greek classics and were, for the most part, deists and religious liberals rather than orthodox Christians. In any case it has thrived most successfully where church and state are separated and where people are free to choose their own religious convictions or none.

Who makes the rules?

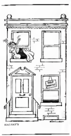
Too many churchmen insist that all must conform to their particular brand of Christianity as a social duty and too many of them identify religious orthodoxy with good citizenship and decency in an exclusive way. In the name of Christianity and entirely contrary to the teachings of the Founder members of religious minorities, non-practicing nominal Christians and those who prefer no formal religion at all are forced to make observances that are contrary to conviction and conscience.

This belief that democracy and morality are dependent upon Christian convictions underlies the program of religious education in the public schools followed by Ontario and certain other provinces. Those who support religious education in the public schools usually insist that Christianity and morality are inseparable and that the one cannot be had without the other. As a consequence of this mistaken belief they use public funds and public facilities to work a travesty on Jewish children, Japanese Canadian Buddhist children, Unitarian children and the children of parents who do not subscribe to any particular religious creed but who are very responsible in their ethical attitudes and conduct.

Even aside from the gross unfairness done to non-Christians is the injustice done Christians themselves. How does one find material that will be acceptable to Anglicans, Eastern Orthodox, Quakers, Mormons, Christian Scientists and Christadelphians? Beyond certain basic ethical principles common not only to Christians but to people of almost all religions, there are vast differences in belief and interpretation in all of these denominations which are necessarily done violence to by any common program of religious instruction however nonsectarian its intention. If there was this much unity among Protestants there would not be two hundred and fifty-four Protestant denominations.

The rights of both child and parents to religious beliefs of their own are entirely ignored under our Christian school system and the child is left with the psychologically impossible alternative of leaving the classroom during religious instruction and suffering the consequences of insecurity and social isolation.

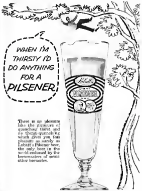
The Lord's Day Act is another example of the kind of public coercion which takes place because of authoritarians who wish to impose their own beliefs and customs upon society as a whole. In spite of the fact that thousands of Canadians loath the puritan Sabbath with all of its grim associations, all of us outside the province of Quebec are forced to observe it. Under the lame pretext that the rights of the workingman are being protected but for the real purpose of imposing a particularly sectarian brand of Christian morality upon all, practically all places of amusement must remain closed, concerts cannot be held and newspapers may not issue Sunday editions. Because of the Machiavellianism of an overzealous minority all of us are forced to subscribe to something that is obnoxious to many of us if not positively contrary to conviction.



There is also the kind of bullying that was exemplified in a recent resolution adopted by the Canadian Council of Churches and that contained the insidious proposal that the children of Jewish parents be evangelized since their elders had proven stubborn in their refusal to embrace Christianity and since all Jews are potential children of God.

One could cite many other examples. One could make mention of the occasional attempts at book censorship inspired for the most part by religious bodies that persuade law-enforcement agencies to intimidate book dealers and newsstands into removing from the shelves reading matter that they disapprove of. One could also make mention of our antiquated divorce laws, which are based on sectarian morality and which force thousands of Canadians into common law marriages every year. One could deplore the way the Social Credit governments of Alberta and British Columbia mix religion with politics and volumes could be written about theocracy in Quebec.

Surely with the world in turmoil and our secular society groping about in the dark there is much need for the light that all religions can shed. Must we all conform however to the beliefs of those who happen to be numerically strongest and financially the most powerful? Surely this is inconsistent with democracy, unjust and unfair. In a country like Canada where people are of many faiths there must be fair play on the part of all if any are to enjoy the rights of free men. Jesus said: "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's." Surely we can respect that distinction. ★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LAVORIS MOUTHWASH AND GARGLE

TASTES GOOD
—DOES GOOD

66-17

London Letter continued from page 12

"The musicians spoke no English," said the conductor. "I spoke no Russian. We got on famously"

bowed to us like diplomats and then did tricks that were out of date twenty five years ago. As for the dancing it was like Dolly Varden waltzing with the squire's son.

We were back to the 1890s when young bloods used to drink champagne from the slippers of actresses at the smart restaurants—although it must have been rather unpleasant for the actresses who had to put their feet in the slippers after the ceremony was over. The whole performance created such a nostalgia that we would not have been surprised if a horse and cab were waiting outside to take us home.

Now let us leave suburbia and come with me to the Carlton Club where Sir Malcolm Sargent, England's most popular orchestral conductor, has come to lunch with your London correspondent. Sir Malcolm, like Dorian Gray, grows no older with the years. In his sixties, his hair is black, his figure is slim and his zest for life is that of a young man with everything before him. Incidentally, during the Blitz when theatres and concert halls were closed in the evenings he took his orchestra around the country and gave concerts to the accompaniment of "noises off" supplied by Herr Hitler.

Sir Malcolm was coming to lunch to tell me about his visit to Russia which had just come to an end. He had been invited by the Soviet to conduct a series of concerts with Russian orchestras in Moscow and Leningrad. Perhaps he would be able to throw some light on that unknown country which has been cut off from the world for more than forty years.

"My first concert," he said, "was in Moscow where a factory had taken a concert hall for its workers. The place was packed and really they were a wonderful audience. At the end the orchestra and the audience stood up and applauded for a full five minutes. They seemed so grateful and so pleased. It was great fun rehearsing them because they spoke no English and I spoke no Russian but we got along famously."

Royalty isn't forgotten

Then he told me about his visit to Leningrad, once St. Petersburg and the home of the czars. "It is curious," he said, "but they have kept the royal palace in all its glory, with the crown jewels and all the trappings of czardom. Instead of trying to bury the past they have kept it alive—at any rate in memory."

"What about the women in Moscow?" I asked, for the debonair Sir Malcolm has always been profoundly interested in the other sex. He raised his hands as if to demand a pianissimo from the strings. "They are dressed," he said, "like women mill workers in Lancashire during the Depression. They seem to have no sense of clothes or perhaps there is nothing they can buy."

Then we recalled the stupid incident last year when a team of Russian athletes was contesting with the British at the White City Stadium in London. One of the team was a young woman named Nina who was a discus thrower but by no means unattractive to the eye. One day while strolling along Oxford Street she saw a lot of women's hats displayed in one of the large stores. They were not expensive hats but, if you will forgive the expression, they went to her head. In a mad impulse she grabbed a half dozen and started to walk away with them.

Unfortunately the store detective saw her, she was arrested, and in due course came up before the magistrate at the police court where she was fined and duly cautioned. Seldom in the whole history of hatdom has there been anything so stupid. If we had a minister of psychology he would have declared that Nina could keep the hats and the whole world would have paid tribute to British chivalry. And what an advertisement for our hats!

This may seem trivial but let us reverse the coin and imagine how furious we would have been if a female British discus thrower at the Moscow games was arrested on a similar charge.

But let us go back to Sir Malcolm before we turn to the politicians. The picture he painted of Russia is that of a people who literally have been cut off from the outside world since the outbreak of war in 1914. They have made no contact with people in any other country, save the few foreigners who have been able to visit Russia. Hence the old fashioned vaudeville performance at Streatham, hence the mad impulse of Nina in taking the hats. As for freedom of the press, it is best expressed by the ironic story of the Russian who said: "Pravda is the best newspaper in the world. I always use it for rolling my cigarettes because it is so stiff."

Now let us move to the high political level. The other day the Russian ambassador in London delivered to Prime Minister Macmillan a very long and very weighty letter from Marshal Bulganin which could have rolled quite a number of cigarettes if it had been used for that purpose. In the opening paragraph it contains the sensible statement that the serious differences between Russia and Britain on a number of questions should not prevent us from taking measures to establish a more sensible relationship between our countries and from trying to make a joint contribution to the easing of the international tension.

Then the marshal launched some five thousand words to the effect that Britain and Russia should end the mad race in armaments both nuclear and conventional. "As is well known," he declared, "the Soviet government proposes immediate ending of atomic and hydrogen weapons."

But then there comes a slight discord in the sweet harmony of the marshal's song. In other words he sees no reason why this nuclear business should be linked up with other disarmament measures. Of course not. Russia has an immense army and lots and lots of traditional weapons.

Nevertheless this is a serious and important letter even if it goes on and on to an interminable length. After much burning of midnight oil I have extracted these items which are worth serious consideration and an occasional smile:

1. All Russia wants in the Middle East is that peace and tranquillity should prevail.
2. If there were no trade restrictions the Soviet Union could in the next five years increase its annual purchases in Britain to somewhere between eight hundred million and a billion pounds.
3. If the government of the United Kingdom and other Western powers do not show concern for a settlement of the problems confronting them there remains little hope.
4. Needless to say the Soviet government sees the difficulties that lie in the way of achieving agreement both on international problems and on a number of questions directly concerning British-Soviet relations. But we believe that given good will on both sides these difficulties could be surmounted gradually by personal contacts between the statesmen of our countries.

* * *

If in combining Nina's hats with Sir Malcolm's visit and Marshal Bulganin's letter I seem to have made the mixture too thick, I have done so deliberately because we must remember that if civilization is to survive, the Russian people must some day emerge from their walled prison and mingle with the outside world. I still recall what Kerensky said to me when he escaped from Russia after overthrowing the czar and in turn had been overthrown by Lenin and Trotsky.

"I gave Russia five months of freedom," he said, "and a people who have known even five months freedom will never rest until they have it again."

Perhaps it is true although modern weapons make it impossible for the people to rebel with rocks and stones as did the French when they attacked the Bastille.

Such is the paradox of history that the hideous thing known as the hydrogen bomb may have rendered Russia impotent as a conquering military power. Therefore Britain is right in sending her actors and orchestral conductors to Moscow, for the people of Russia are warmed by the same sun and chilled by the same winter as ourselves. When a child is born in Russia the mother dreams of a future that will bring happiness, peace and liberty in its train.

And the British prime minister is right to combine firmness with good will when dealing with political leaders who rule their people without having secured a mandate from the people. ★

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Furthermore, corn cobs are used as a substitute for cork, as a meal to clean furs, as a mild abrasive in hand soap, for fuel and kindling, insulating and packing materials, for pipe bowls, and in a lot of other ways.

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MASSEY-HARRIS-FERGUSON LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

The scramble for the teen-age dollar

continued from page 19

What kind of money have high-school kids got? Boys' average is $6.61 a week, girls' $5.24

than the high chair set. And Eugene Gilbert, who runs a marketing research firm advertisers in the U.S. and calls himself the George Gallup of the teenagers, recently said: "The advertiser who touches a responsive chord in youth can generally count on the parents to finally succumb to the purchase of the product. Since youth is graced with unparalleled resiliency and buoyancy parents generally have little resistance in protecting against youth's bombardments. Thus, with the parents rendered helpless it becomes evident that youth is the market."

In addition to sounding like a general planning to soften up an invasion beachhead Gilbert has put his finger on a wide and as yet unmeasured area of buying influence that reaches far beyond the teen-agers' own expenditures. Jim McEwen, a Toronto car dealer, provided a glimpse of this new power wielded by the young when he told of a man and his wife who came to his showroom to pick out a car. The selection of the model was made and the deal appeared to be completed. But wait.

"Now," said the wife, "That's all we can do until Judy sees it." Judy was their seventeen-year-old daughter, and they wouldn't think of buying a car until she had a chance to offer her opinion on the color scheme.

Judy may wield more influence than most teen-agers in most families, her power is felt in the buying of food, clothing and many major family items. Part of this influence may stem from the changing pattern of family life which permits the discussion of family purchases. Some of it may come from the fact that some parents dislike saying "No" — because they have to rule negatively on cigarettes, liquor, late hours and other disciplinary matters they welcome a chance to give their children their way in such matters as the choice of colors for the family car.

But for the man who glumly accepts the estimate that women control up to eighty-five percent of all family buying in North America, these signs of the growing economic strength of their children must be chilling news. The day may come when he will have to keep his hatband size in mind so there will be at least one item he can buy all by himself.

What kind of money have teen-agers got as individuals, to spend? These figures, also taken from the High News survey, indicate that their income is made up of allowances from their parents (34 percent), and money earned after school and during the holidays (66 percent). The average weekly income for students between 12 and 19 is, for boys, $6.61 and for girls, $5.24. The highest income recorded by the survey was $12.58 for boys 16 to 19 in Toronto.

If this figure sounds high remember it is an average. A strong high-school boy can make a man's wage, sometimes more than his father earns, at a summertime job. One youngster working on the DEW line earned two hundred dollars a week in his last summer at high school. Even weekend and after-school jobs can pay twenty dollars and more.

What kind of merchandise do they buy with their own money? Clothes are the biggest single item in their budgets, but when it comes to a major purchase like a winter coat their parents will put up the money.

A quarter of all teen-agers have a typewriter and it may be significant that their favorite is a make that beams a special appeal to high-school students, suggesting they will get better marks if they work on a keyboard. Almost eighty percent of them, the High News survey found, own watches and the rest are going to get one as soon as they can.

Sixty percent of all teen-age boys and girls own bicycles but the bike rack has been pushed to the corner of the parking lot at many Canadian high schools. Except in those cases where a boy's father buys a car and presents it to him most cars are old second-hand autos shared by two or more young owners. Unless they have been able to save the money from their summer jobs they still need an adult co-signer if they buy the car on terms. But these restrictions haven't kept school parking lots from filling up with students' cars.

Almost seventy percent have a bank account and most teen-agers have a regular system of saving. Sixty percent have cameras.

They drink three bottles of pop a week, eat two candy bars (boys prefer Oh Henry!, girls Sweet Marie), buy one record at about ninety cents for a 45 rpm disc and up to ninety-eight cents for a 78. If they live in Western Canada or the Maritimes these pop tunes will cost them a little more.

The girls own four to ten sweaters each (one girl whose father was in the business had twenty-seven cashmere sweaters) while boys own an average of two to four. Teen-agers are big users of cosmetics such as lipstick. One shampoo company reported a jump in sales when they changed their advertising theme to one they hoped would appeal to teen-agers.

"We used a Hollywood pitch, urging them to make their hair as lovely as the stars, and it's increased our sales. We always knew that young girls wash their hair more than anyone, probably because their hair is oilier when it's young, but that increase has been fantastic," said the agency representative who handled the advertising campaign.

How are teen-agers handling their new buying power? What kind of shoppers are they? Are they prey to every passing fad or have they learned to shop for values? What kind of pitches are being made to woo the dollars from their

Teen-age fashions: what he'll wear

His shoes will probably be either well-cleaned white bucks or desert boots. He may wear black or brown loafers to school but they have to be shined every day to look their best so he'll probably save them for more formal wear. Despite Presley, blue suede shoes were never big favorites.

T-shirts worn under a V-neck sweater are still popular and comfortable for school although sports shirts, also worn with a sweater, are just as relaxed.

The slacks are varied—grey flannel, corduroy or even blue jeans except in those high schools that have local ordinances against them.

Windbreakers or cardigan sweaters will be much the same as they have been for years, and black leather windbreakers are out because of their association with tough guys.

For formal evenings his shoes will be leather loafers or conventional oxfords. His slacks will be grey flannel and his jacket will be tweed or a plain blazer unless, of course, he is wearing his new suit, which will probably be single-breasted, lean around the lapels and show a touch of Ivy League throughout. His shirt will have a soft button-down collar.

Frank shows desert boots, flannels

FOR REFRESHING RELAXATION...

To give you that comfortably relaxed feeling you've earned by a hard day's work, there's nothing quite like Labatt's Crystal Lager beer. Light, bright and crystal clear, it pleases your palate, fills you with a sense of refreshing well being. Get Crystal next time.

Labatt's CRYSTAL LAGER BEER

P.M. ready for the tub A.M. ready to wear!

You'll like the easy-care convenience of wash-'n'-wear TERYLENE* slacks (65% 'Terylene'...35% Viscose)

Slacks by Dalmor

Fabric by Bruck

These well-cut slacks made from an extremely pleasant to wear 'Terylene' fabric are wonderfully convenient for both casual and business wear.
Imagine! Extra easy washing.... Hurry-up drying (won't shrink a bit)... Just a minimum of ironing.... Extraordinary wrinkle resistance.... Good shape retention... A trouser crease that stays in, and in, and in.
Available in a full range of colours at many fine stores.

'Terylene' polyester fibre, a Canadian product, is made by C-I-L

*Registered trade-mark polyester fibre

It's a Fromm Fabric...reversible ..mothproof

Tartoneer by Leberg gives you two skirts for the price of one ... durably and safely mothproofed with* **MITIN***

Aye lassie, you're sae cannie to make this bonnie skirt your ain! For 'tis smartly styled. 'Tis permanently pleated. And *durably* mothproofed, too. You'll nae have to spray it ... or to air after storage. *Mitin* does away with all that. Part and parcel of every last wool fibre, *Mitin* goes right in when the dye does. You can't feel ... smell ... see *Mitin*. That's why you should be gey hoolie (quite cautious), and look for the *Mitin* tag or label. *Mitin* is harmless to humans, a non-toxic product of Geigy Chemical Company, Ardsley, N.Y. In Canada: P.O. Box 33, New Toronto, Toronto 14, Ontario.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

for Mitin mothproofing

The Skirt: a Leberg Sportswear of Fromm Brothers Fabric. 100% Virgin wool, hand-pleated. 6 authentic tartans and 6 plaids. Shown: Dress Hunting MacPherson. Sizes 8/20. $19.95. Durably Mothproofed with *Mitin*.

billfolds into a particular cash register?

Maybe it's because no one in his right mind throws snowballs at Santa Claus, but merchants as a group think these young people are smart shoppers. A woman might come into a shoe store and say she wants "something in white." Half an hour and twenty boxes later she may still not have narrowed the choice between a Cuban or a spike heel and she may be talking wistfully about black patent pumps. But teen-agers have usually pre-shopped their purchases. They know—from observing what the gang is wearing, from reading their favorite fashion magazine (for girls Seventeen is an authority on clothes) or from watching the clothes being shown on television or the movies—exactly what they want. All the clerk has to do is provide the right size. They usually know the color they must have.

One clerk described their crisp no-nonsense shopping technique this way: "They know what the kids are wearing and that's what they want. You're wasting your time to try and sell them on anything else. They're like lucky rich people when they shop and I guess that isn't far from the truth. After all they have everything found—a place to stay, meals, schooling—and the money they bring home to spend is their own. They aren't going to throw it away."

"We have more trouble with the parents than we have with the kids," said one shoe clerk. "Fathers seem to be the worst. They worry whether the shoes will wear well and if the heels aren't too high to be comfortable."

Mothers, who seem to remember more clearly what it was like to be young, are much easier to get along with, he said.

Most teen-agers would prefer to shop by themselves unless they are buying a big item like a winter coat; then they'll ask one of their parents to come along as an adviser. They will bring friends along if they are picking up a pair of nylons but rarely do they want them around if they are buying a dress or some larger item. Boys seem to like no one around except the clerk when they are making a purchase.

Eaton's thought they were well aware of the vagaries of the teen-age shopper until they stocked a short coat they called a hound box. They thought it would appeal to boys who rode bikes because of the freedom of action it gave

Teen-age fashions: what she'll wear

Barbara's skirt is Ivy League

Saddle shoes with the strap in the back will be popular once more as will the almost traditional white buckskin shoes, well cleaned. But sand-colored shags, which are brushed calf or suede, will make a bid for popularity with high-school students across Canada this fall. Some girls will be wearing the rubber-soled casuals known as desert shoes or the more feminine variation on the same theme known as the Pixie. For school or play, shoes will continue to show the flat, almost heelless line introduced by the ballet slipper. They'll be easy and comfortable when socks will be pulled up.

At school skirts will be Ivy League with pleats, fly front and a belt that buckles in the back. Shirts will be Ivy League too, although the popular sissy blouses will also be worn with a cardigan. The familiar and comfortable pullover sweaters will be seen more frequently as the season progresses.

For relaxing at home blue jeans will still be a standard and the new rage, high-school girl's wardrobe is sure to contain at least one pair of Slim Jims in sand-colored polished cotton. She will still be wearing her Bermuda or Jamaica shorts (the Bermuda shorts will be a little longer) around the house on Saturdays. And on fine fall days she may have a chance to wear her new skirt, a cross between a skirt and shorts that couldn't be more casual.

Party dresses for teen-agers were never prettier or better designed for junior figures. Skirts still swirl stiffly with the help of three four or more crinolines. Some girls use a concentrated solution of sugar and water to achieve the right look and sound in their crisp crinolines.

Capezio shoes are still popular; probably more high heels will be worn in the evenings by teen-agers this fall. But the heels will not be as extreme as those worn by adults and many girls will be quite happy to put the gay new interchangeable pompons on their flatties for added glamour as they step out on a date. Toes will be pointed on both high heels and flatties.

. . . and thereby grew a tradition

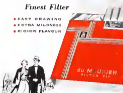
When United Empire Loyalist Thomas Adams opened his distillery in Niagara, his concern was to make the finest product within his knowledge and ability. Today, the products of Thomas Adams Distillers Limited continue to reflect this philosophy.

Adams Antique—a Collector's Item—and each of the truly superb Adams brands is the finest Canadian rye whisky in its class. You have an adventure in good taste awaiting you. Start serving—and enjoying—Adams Whisky and Adams Gin soon.

TODAY'S FINEST du M SMOKING PLEASURE

Finest Tobacco — Finest Filter

- EASY DRAWING
- EXTRA MILDNESS
- RICHER FLAVOUR



du MAURIER

with the
EXCLUSIVE "Millecel" FILTER TIP

"WHERE IS THAT RASCAL WITH THE ALE?"

PONSONBY (seated): Calm yourself Fanshawe. Such excessive choler will hamper your digestion.

FANSHAWE (standing): Who would not be angry, my dear Ponsonby, when faced with such mutton-headed servants. It is a rule of this household that Mr. Labatt's India Pale Ale is always served at dinner. And well they know it.

PONSONBY: Can it be, Fanshawe, that you partake of this flavoursome ale only at dinner?

FANSHAWE: Far otherwise, Ponsonby. It is my contention that regular imbibing of India Pale Ale distinguishes a man from a milksop. Consequently I comfort myself with a glass whenever I feel the need.

PONSONBY: I commend your taste, Fanshawe. And I concur in your approval of India Pale Ale. It is, indeed, a MAN'S ale.

MR. LABATT BEGAN BREWING IPA FOR MEN IN 1828

their legs, but the boys showed no interest. So the store moved the buttons to the left side and sent some of the coats to the girls' department. They drew another blank. But they discovered girls were going to the boys' department to buy the male model. Anxious to save them a trip the store moved the boys' coats with the buttons on the right side to the girls' department. Sales picked up but not in the girls' shop. They continued to slip into the boys' department to buy the male version.

Merchants with goods to sell to teen-agers have made other discoveries about their customers. They have found out, for instance, that they don't like to be talked down to. At the age of five they might conceivably run from the TV set, as instructed, actually screaming, "Buy me a giant thrift box of Sugarpuffs, Mummy." They're the gee-whizziest by mind test." But when they are older they want to be treated like young adults—which they are, for they enter that world economically at least at an early age these days. One Canadian soft-drink company made the mistaken impression that teen-agers talk that way all the time, mounted a series of advertisements in which the message was in jive talk. The product was groovy and it was cool in more than the usual ways. They won't say whether or not the campaign was a success, but they have a new advertising manager, a new sales manager and they have changed advertising agencies. Their ads are once more beamed to young people but they are told in the same tone of voice that is used to persuade adults that the product is refreshing and delicious.

Elvis glows at night

What makes an item a fad or a flop with teen-agers? Merchants and promoters wish they knew and often when they think they have the answer the discriminating and sometimes fickle teen-age market just refuses to react.

A fad like the Elvis Presley industry which drew an estimated twenty million dollars from teen-agers' pockets in the U.S. and Canada last year is fairly easy to plot. A star gets a name with the youngsters and then under agile and shrewd management proceeds to cash in on it by selling not only such obvious items as records but unlikely merchandise like lipsticks or pictures of Elvis that glow in the dark for an hour after the fans have climbed into bed. These will sell for two dollars.

If Canadian manufacturers are right in their judgment girls' shirts with monogrammed cuffs will be one of this fall's clothing fads for teen-agers. This one started in a Long Island high school at the end of last term when a girl who was one of the unacknowledged leaders tried the woven initials as a stylish touch. The idea spread to other schools in the area. Manufacturers picked it up and it spread to the U.S. at large. Now it's on the way into the Canadian market.

Often these new styles are launched with a flurry of magazine and TV promotion. "Skorts," a cross between shorts and a skirt, were presented in that way for the first time and it looks as though they are going to catch on in Canada as well as the U.S.

Fads imported from the U.S. usually arrive a little bit late which should but doesn't make matters simple for Canadian storekeepers. Not all the fads take. For instance white jeans for girls were big in the U.S. a couple of years ago but made no impression on Canadian youngsters. A Canadian manufacturer who made hats in school colors copying a U.S. fad found himself with a brightly colored flop on his hands.

White bucks (buckskin shoes) have been popular for school and informal wear by both boys and girls for some years. They had their birth as a fad in the eastern universities of the U.S. a decade ago about the time saddle shoes were getting a foothold at girls' schools like Bryn Mawr. When the high school students adopted them for their own one manufacturer assumed they would insist on them being dirty so he sold them ready-soiled. The Ivy League tradition of elegance had called for soiled bucks. But high-school crowds insist that their white bucks be white so he had to tidy them up before he could sell them.

Pat Boone, incidentally, who wears them himself, has probably done as much for white bucks as Prince Philip did for cigars when he broke with tradition and lit one at the state dinner at the Louvre during the royal visit last spring. Naturally manufacturers are only too anxious to have movie and television stars wear their product before the cameras even if it doesn't get a plug. In Pat Boone's movie Bernadine he and his colleagues drink Cokes throughout the film.

It didn't take Pepsi-Cola long to counter with a plug of their own in Gary Cooper's current picture Love in the Afternoon in which he plays an executive of the soft drink company. The soda-pop firms are not the only ones who maintain a lobby for the purpose of getting their product mentioned in movies and on radio and television. Even Canada itself through a semi-official public-relations apparatus known as the Canadian Co-operation Project waits diligently on Hollywood to try to get the next picture made here or at least to get Canada mentioned in it.

When is a style a fad?

But sometimes a manufacturer or designer will get his ideas from television or the movies rather than plant his creation with them. Calypso blouses were inspired by the West Indian musical invasion and the popularity of such singers as Harry Belafonte. The frilly blouses were never highly popular with Canadian teen-agers but a variation on the same elaborate theme with fewer frills and smaller sleeves, known as a sissy blouse, did score with our young set and promises to become a standard item like blue jeans or sloppy joes.

Before a style can reach the stature of a fad and therefore a must, teen-agers want the assurance that everyone is wearing it. This would seem to pose an insoluble problem of chicken-and-egg proportions but what usually happens is that the five or six leaders in the school community will take the plunge whether it be sissy blouses or blue jeans and follow the U.S. style. From then on the fad is as secure as any fad can be, and that is pretty secure when you are dealing with teen-agers because they buy for durability. They haven't got the money to switch their styles as frequently as adults and they change as a group slowly.

Al Capp, the cartoonist of Li'l Abner, probably had a great deal to do with spreading the popularity of zoot suits by dressing some of his comic-strip characters in strides and wide brimmed hats and decking them out with hawser-like watch chains.

Strides however are in bad repute at the moment because of the company they have been keeping. Most teen-agers shrank from wearing any style that has been popularized by the hardrocks or the rowdies.

Mad pants patterned after toreador pants but decorated with drawings much after the manner of a John Held Jr. character's yellow slicker from the Twenties were tabbed for student but got nowhere in Canada despite a vogue in the U.S. The picture magazines which make teen-age fashions a matter of continuing concern in their pages gave a fine sendoff to T-shirts decorated with rick rack braid. They didn't get past the rack in Canada.

So far the national or brand appeal to Canadian teen-agers has not been so noticeable as in the U.S., where one cigarette company, Lucky Strike, bases its Hit Parade on the songs young people like although there is no suggestion of a pitch to teen-age smokers in the commercials. Some auto companies have recognized the influence of teen-agers in choosing the family car and have made a message to teen-agers part of their appeal. Another company makes a special razor for young men starting to shave and a cheese firm offers a year's free telephone service as a prize in a jingle

CUTS OVEN GREASE
LIKE MAGIC!

Just spread this miracle jelly on, let set ... then wipe away oven baked-on grease! No scraping! No ammonia! Ovens sparkle!

8 oz. 59¢—16 oz. 98¢

WIZARD Oven Cleaner

For Bruises

THE FIRST AID KIT IN A JAR
* VASELINE is a registered trade mark

Get this new
Johns-Manville
24-pg. book which shows
HOW TO BUILD A BASEMENT ROOM

with Predecorated J-M
CEILING PANELS AND WALL PLANK

By following the step by step instructions illustrated in the book, any handyman can finish a basement room with most gratifying results.

FOR THE WALLS — use J-M Insulating Board Plank with flame resistant Glasscoat finish. Comes in 4 lovely predecorated colors.

FOR THE CEILING — J-M Panels in Ivory or white, or J-M Perforated Fibretex Panels.

J-M Panels and Plank have the J-M LIGHTNING JOINT which hides nails or staples.

Send for colorful instruction book now! Use coupon below.

Dept. MM-1
Canadian Johns-Manville
Port Credit, Ont.

Here is 25¢ in coin. Send "How to build a basement room" book to:

Name
Address
City Prov. I-2147

"The THOMAS is remarkably easy to play. My son is just 7... he loves the variety of tones and combinations he can get"

Says Mrs. J. W. Church of 2601 9th Ave.
Milwaukie, Oregon

One of a wide variety of Thomas styles and finishes.

...and this fine home organ is only $795!

Thomas looks easy—and it is easy! No psychological barrier of buttons and pulls to confuse a child ... just one keyboard and easy to master dials. A few minutes and any child is able to pick out a tune, mighty encouraging to the beginner!

Children enjoy the hours experimenting with exclusive Thomas Dial A Tone Controls ... discovering exciting new musical effects ... a whole orchestra ... French horn, bagpipes, cello, flute ... even the circus calliope!

The Thomas has Variable Vibrato for just the right "singing" quality ... and the exclusive Solo Control which adds another "keyboard" at the flick of a dial. These Thomas features add up to more fun ... build the desire to play. More fewer lessons too because music comes quicker, easier. And your child gains new inner security, new popularity.

Practice Can Be Fun (for parents too!) Thomas Headset plugs in quickly. Let the folks practice—no one else can hear!

SEE · HEAR · PLAY
THE THOMAS TODAY AT
EATON'S OF CANADA

See how easy the Thomas is to play ... how easy to own. Low down payment and budget terms. Bench extra.

Thomas ORGAN

FREE... DEMONSTRATION RECORD!
Send Coupon Today!

THOMAS ORGAN COMPANY
A Division of Pacific Mercury
8345 Hayvenhurst Ave. Sepulveda, California, U.S.A.
I'd like your Free Record of organ music.
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
PROVINCE

contest for the high-school age group.

On a local level the pitch to youngsters is more direct and insistent. Through advertisements and various promotional devices, notably by the record companies, a strong bid is made for their attention and their money. Of the 125,000 to 150,000 records sold each week in Canada, sixty percent are bought by teen-agers.

One radio station, CHUM in Toronto, has changed its policy to transmit the fifty top popular records over and over again twenty-four hours a day with a lacing of commercials and news reports and anecdotes in between. Of these the top thirty, according to Billboard's listing on July first, were songs with a rock 'n' roll beat and all but two were sung by young men. Since songs of this type are believed to be favored by a certain kind of listener, one gloomy analyst recently came to the conclusion that the folksongs of the nation were being chosen for us by a young woman, probably sixteen to nineteen, marking up her form chart while she baby-sits.

Phil Stone, vice-president and disc jockey on the station, is one of those with something to sell who thinks that teen-agers are wonderful.

"Whenever we come across a statistic that shows that only one percent or something like that of all teen-agers are delinquent we put it on the air. Makes them feel good," says Stone, who believes in keeping teen-age morale high.

The visit of a movie star who sings can be the occasion for a promotional bazaar. The record business has been so lively lately that such an unlikely vocalist as Robert Mitchum has been singing calypso and Jerry Lewis who, as a comic, always seems to have difficulty making human noises, has turned up on turntables.

When Pat Boone was in Toronto recently he dutifully made the rounds of the disc-jockey shows and met them all at a party thrown by the record company. At the same time Famous Players were lining up thirty teen-agers to picket the Hollywood theatre where his picture Bernadine was playing. They were to carry signs reading "Down with Presley—Up with Pat Boone" to attract young patrons. They got passes to the show for their loyalty to the new star.

Teen-agers include the price of at least one movie a week in their informal budgets. The influence of teen-agers on the record output can be gauged by turning any dial and the movie-makers too tailor a good part of their product to the same audience. A movie like Bernadine, which cost a million dollars to make, will probably net three or four million at the box office. Of this about half a million will come from Canadian tickets sold mostly to teen-agers.

Promoters pay little attention to fan clubs on the theory that they are phonies. There is one notable exception. Most of the teen-age clubs in Canada show considerable duplication in their rosters, but the exception, the Liberace fan club, is solidly supported by a cadre of motherly grey-haired women, the kind who frequently wonder out loud what teen-agers are coming to.

It would seem that they are coming to economic maturity a few years younger than they ever did before. And as far as where they're going, they've probably already gone—shopping. ★

Little Brother

They teased him a lot
because he was little and slow;
And always lagging behind,
and he would go
On teen-fool errands,
earnest obedient
And there'd be a little while,
after he went
For games without being pestered;
Run and see
If the potato eyes are open!
They'd oughter be
Ready to wink by now
and you wink too!
When you meet a potato
that's the way to do."

Or, "Look here what
we really need
The worst way is
good *Wheel Barrow Seed*
High time they were planted
if we're going to have a crop
For carrying carrots later
Don't you stop
To play, but hurry along
fast to the store.
Ask Mr. Hobbs for a pound
of the best, no more."
When he grew older, he teased
and hectored many
A small boy nuisance
but it never hurt them any.

MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

It can happen only once

You can have only one first day in Paris. One first glimpse of the Seine . . . a stroll in the Champs Elysées . . . dinner at the Tour d'Argent. These hours have a magic you'll never recapture.

As a prelude to all this, fly to Paris in style — in the exceptional luxury of TCA De Luxe.

A word with your Travel Agent or TCA Office and it's quickly arranged. You're set for a swift overnight flight, beguiled by sumptuous meals, champagne and all the trimmings. In next to no time you're there . . . and Paris is waiting to say "Bienvenue!"

Every night to Europe by Super Constellation

De Luxe First Class and Tourist Service on every flight

TCA TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES

Mailbag

Continued from page 4

Twisted history

Problem parents

I was glad to see A. B. Hodgetts (Our Dangerous Habit of Twisting History, June 22) took a critical look at U.N.A.'s pamphlet World Affairs. As he stated, the article on the Suez dispute was "full of falsehood from beginning to end" . . . World Affairs usually reads like a political pamphlet . . . I believe there is a law forbidding distribution of political propaganda in schools. It's high time we got around to enforcing it. — JOHN WILSON, ALMONTE, ONT.

✓ . . . The most revealing piece of writing I have ever read . . . — ROSS F. KAVANER, CALGARY.

✓ . . . Hodgetts should be the right hand of the External Affairs Department. — MARGARETA BALTZ, RED DEER, ALTA.

✓ A timely warning to statesmen, politicians and news agencies of all the nations of the world. We hope it will encourage the world public to demand more historical facts in place of a large degree of misrepresentation.—MR. AND MRS. P. H. SCHLEBLER, PORT CARLING, ONT.

✓ I too am appalled at the deliberate attempts of the news agencies, propagandists, and I fear most editors, to distort the truth by ignoring historical facts and by publishing deliberate half truths and opinions as though they were facts . . . The law should insist that all "corrections" be given the same prominence as the original statement. — W. F. SIMPSON, TORONTO.

✓ Congratulations and sincere thanks. — ISAAC W. GLEN, WEST VANCOUVER.

Wrong-way Roy

Congratulations on your excellent cover (Aug. 17) but who was responsible

for getting Pipe Major Wallace Roy's name backward on page 67?—DR. A. R. CAMPBELL, HALIFAX.

—*We were.*

✓ . . . his name is Wallace Roy.—JOAN HENNESSEY, AMHERST, N.S.

Razor-sharp Punch

As an Englishman I would like to thank you for Malcolm Muggeridge's sparkling article on bad taste (Aug. 3). Britain should be thankful for a man whose razor-sharp mind can help cut the cancers that threaten her at this most critical period of her life. — PETER T. MILLARD, LONDON, ONT.

✓ Muggeridge's article must be one of the unhappiest that has appeared in your magazine . . . He seems to misunderstand what most people mean by "criticism," which is the utterance of a considered judgment and not a descent into abuse . . . — COLIN E. HENDERSON, ROSSTON, B.C.

✓ If there were more editors like Mr. Muggeridge the world would have more venerable magazines . . . The world is becoming peopled with nothing but a flock of yes-men, and unless we breed a new race of . . . bad taste editors with more Punch behind their statements, certainly this world will become a dull and meek place.—JOSEPH L. BOUDREAU, LOS ANGELES.

✓ Three cheers and supreme applause for Muggeridge and all editors or writers in the eternal literary calling devoted to uphold the common mind against the downbearing forces of tradition and authority.—GARTH WAGNER, SWIFT CURRENT, SASK.

Parents are the problem

Concerning, Are We too Soft with Our Juvenile Lawbreakers (Aug. 3)—is it not possible that the problem of juvenile crime is getting too much attention and that putting the names of the young offenders in the newspapers as Chiefs of Police Anthony and Archer suggest might only give the delinquent some cheap publicity and a temporary sense of importance that might encourage him to continue along the path of crime?

As a teen-ager . . . I have found that

back to school...

For better grades and a brighter future

every student needs a REMINGTON QUIET-RITER® portable

Tests by leading educators prove that students who use typewriters get up to 38% better grades. Students themselves will tell you that it's easier to "think" on a typewriter. They express their thoughts more quickly and *more clearly*. And typed work is so much neater and easier to read!

Most students ask for the REMINGTON QUIET-RITER because it's the *only* portable with MIRACLE TAB, Super-strength Frame, Larger Sized Cylinder and full 44 key keyboard with Finger Speed Keys . . . *and these are the features that students need and want.*

Every student needs and *should have* a new REMINGTON QUIET-RITER. Ask your Remington Dealer to show you how easy it is to buy!

$1 a week. Terms payable monthly including taxes and a small carrying charge

Remington Rand LIMITED

"AND AGAIN THIS YEAR THROUGHOUT THE WORLD PEOPLE ARE BUYING MORE REMINGTON® TYPEWRITERS THAN ANY OTHER BRAND"

See for yourself

Look into your silverware. Does its sheen give you a clear reflection of yourself? Your silverware should reflect your own good taste. Polish your silver with SILVO and you'll see for yourself

Silvo cleans as it polishes

"Heritage" pattern by 1847 Rogers Bros.

The character that never changes

We always have Canadian "74" Sherry and "74" Port in the house. We like both wines and we serve them often. None of our friends has ever turned down a glass of either. They're both so pleasantly smooth and light.

What I like particularly about "74" Sherry and "74" Port is that the *character* stays the same all evening. There's no melting ice cubes in it —just the pure goodness of sound Canadian wines.

Bright's Wines
fine Canadian
SINCE 1874

Bright's have a remarkable host's handbook "Bright & Cheery Recipes". Write Bright's Wines, Lachine, Que. for your free copy.

in most cases, the parents who, as Miss Charlotte Whitton put it, "are running a home on the run" are the biggest problem.—DOUGLAS BALLY, WEST HILL, ONT

The yellow pages

When you introduced the Preview yellow pages, I read one or more criticisms of them. I would like to say that in my opinion the yellow pages are excellent. I believe that black print on yellow is much easier on one's eyes than black on white. ... Perhaps some day all your pages may be black print on a yellow ground.—F. L. LLOYD, DUNDAS, ONT

Pearson on the crisis

Thank you for that splendid interview, Where Canada Stands in the World Crisis (July 6) ... as clear a statement as one could expect on Canadian foreign policy. Let us hope whoever is responsible for this policy under the new government will be able to state it as clearly and completely as Mr. Pearson. I thought too that Blair Fraser was at his very best.—E. A. WEIR, TORONTO

Catching up with Nero

Re that cottage on a turntable (Preview, Aug. 3)—In Hants, England, where Queen Elizabeth spent her honeymoon, there is a summer house that turns to get the sun. It was built by Col. Ashley for his first wife—Lady Louis Mountbatten's mother—to use when she was ill. —MRS. K. DAWSON, PORT ARTHUR.

✔ At last Macy's, New York, has the edge on Nero's Rome in home modern-

ization. Nero's mechanically revolved dining room, moving with the sun as does Macy's, had the most "modern" prerequisites including king-sized sofas around the tables. So this much vaunted age is catching up. About time!—A. E. ELSOM, MOOSE JAW, SASK.

Aerial photos like paintings

I was fascinated by the photographs which show the face of Canada from the air (The Canada Douglas Kendall Sees from the Sky, Aug. 3). ... What impressed me so much was not the information they give the layman ... but that in them we see confirmation of the genius of the Group of Seven. When I first looked at one photograph I could have sworn it was a montage taken from Jackson and Harris and Thomson. ... Doesn't this strengthen our conviction that artists are the real seers? —RONALD HAMBLETON, TORONTO.

Hey look, Horseman!

Are you sure that the fellow who wrote the story Look Now, Horseman (June 8) wasn't in a dream of some sort? I have never read anything with such an imagination about a wild stallion fight. I think this would be better published in a book called Fairy Tales. —OLIVER TRAVERS, CHERRY POINT, ALTA ★

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100% SCOTCH WHISKIES specially blended into extra fine, light and smooth Scotch.

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Best Procurable
SCOTCH WHISKY

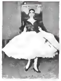
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

Its Goodness Never Varies

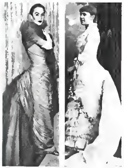
IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

Don't look now, but the bustle is back again

All right, men, you can stop snickering at those Notman fashion photos of the women in the funny dresses. The pictures reproduced here ought to convince the most skeptical that there's nothing new under the sun. The crinoline and bustle are still around; in fact they're high fashion today. Women have been wearing stiff petticoats and modern versions of the hoop skirt for several years—and so have little girls. Now it looks as if the accent is again going to be on the rear. Why, we'd hardly completed our investigation into the bustle when darned if we didn't come across a news photo of Mrs. William Randolph Hearst Jr. wearing one. Turns out she was named one of the best dressed women of 1956. Take a look at the show windows, men, and you'll go grey. Women are going back to wearing tails again, if we're any judge of matters. We wonder if the reasons are the same as they were in 1870. (For reasons, see page 30.)



MODERN CRINOLINE is shorter but still rides on stiff petticoats.



MODERN BUSTLE, worn by Mrs. William Randolph Hearst Jr. (left), looks suspiciously like the bustle photographed by Notman in 1873.

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Dominion Security is a low premium plan with high benefits, which is the reason so many families are using it for Two-Way Security.

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Grant's Glenfiddich distillery is the largest of its kind in Scotland. Still family owned—pride establishes excellence

PACKAGE

Tall, triangular, unique, the new Grant's bottle bears the Clan motto "Stand Fast"—the name by which the brand is known in Scotland.

Grant's

SCOTCH WHISKY

Parade

Born Yesterday

There's a youngster just started school in Burnaby, B.C., who will do well if she's half as smart as her mother. The ground rules in Burnaby say children can begin school in September only if their sixth birthday falls no later than Dec. 31. Convinced her child was more than ready for school this particular mother pleaded her case with the authorities. True, the girl's birthday wasn't until Jan. 1, but wasn't it unfair to keep her back a whole year because she'd been born at 1.30 a.m. instead of an hour and a half before?

PEACE. IT'S WONDERFUL! AND NO THANKS TO YOU!
SCHOOL

Sorry, said the school board, but the line had to be drawn somewhere and midnight it was. Then in a flash she had them. "But she was born at 1.30 a.m. on Jan. 1 in *England*," cried mother triumphantly, waving the birth certificate, "and that was 5.30 p.m. on Dec. 31 in Burnaby!"

And the board gave in.

* * *

In Toronto the streets always get torn up just before the Ex; in Calgary repair time comes just before the Stampede. A trolley bus was bounding its way along Eighth Ave., giving its occupants a workout for the bucking-horse events as it took the holes and bumps. One climactic crash not only left the passengers all shook up but knocked the trolleys off their wires—and the rope that guides them back on became entangled in the overhead traffic lights. After ten minutes of futile jiggling the driver had only added to his ulcers. Then two of the fellows who had caused all the trouble came to his rescue. The operator of a big power scoop which had been busy tearing gouges in the road ordered one of his assistants into the scoop itself, then hoisted it high over the intersection where the workman gingerly untangled the trolley rope and let the bus go on its way.

* * *

Personal advertisement in a Vancouver newspaper: "Gentleman 72, old age pensioner, would meet lady of suitable age, object matrimony. Some means. Can finance honeymoon and funeral expenses."

We like to hear about alert and conscientious motorists taking direct action to cope with traffic hazards. One such was the Hamilton woman who attached a neat hand-lettered sign to the back of her car: "Please be kind—this is the first time my husband has let me have the car alone." She says it worked too: not a single horn-honker or fender-crusher scared the wits out of her on her first unescorted trip downtown.

Another was the Toronto businessman who was threading his way through the rush-hour jungles when a vicious cutter-inner forced him to hit the brakes hard. Moments later the idiot did it again, diving in front of the next car in line ... and so on for two blocks. Then the first victim cooled down enough to remember his proudest possession—a mobile telephone installed just the week before. So he relayed a description of the car to police and a few blocks farther on had the immense satisfaction of seeing the cutter-inner being cut down to size by a cop.

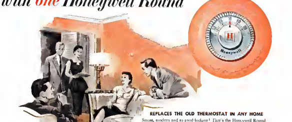
* * *

In addition to the load of personal worries that sent him there a Toronto man paid his first visit to a psychiatrist under considerable apprehension about this strange modern ritual itself. The sight of the psychiatric couch under its marginally clean sheet reassured him a little—after all he had seen lots of those in cartoons and movies. And the doctor immediately helped him to relax with a cheery bid to take off his jacket and loosen his tie. "You might take off your shoes too," added the psychiatrist. Getting into the spirit of the thing as he fumbled with the laces the new patient agreed. "Good idea—helps the circulation and makes a person feel at ease, I suppose." The doctor frowned. "Not at all—just don't like to get the sheet dirty. I want it to last all day."

NOW JUST RELAX AND TELL ME WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

You can live modern with one Honeywell Round



REPLACES THE OLD THERMOSTAT IN ANY HOME

Smart, modern and so good-looking! That's the Honeywell Round, the thermostat 4 out of 5 homeowners choose! It can be painted to match any wall. What's more it is extremely sensitive and responsive, giving you fingertip comfort control instantly and accurately. Fully enclosed mercury switch can't get fouled with dust and dirt; almost never needs servicing. And it works best with an All-Honeywell Heating Control system.

Outer ring snaps off easily for painting or decorating.

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HONEYWELL ZONE CONTROL

Often one thermostat isn't enough. To maintain comfortable temperatures in all your rooms all the time, you may need at least two thermostats. That's Honeywell Zone Control. With Zone Control your children can sleep in even, cool temperatures while the living areas are pleasantly warm. An extra thermostat in the recreation room will give you the right temperature for any activity. In homes with spread out on split-level floor plans or rooms over unheated areas, Zone Control assures you of comfortable temperatures in every room. It also eliminates discomfort caused by winter-sun heat or night-time cold radiated through large window areas. Discuss modifications for Honeywell Zone Control with your architect or heating contractor, or write Honeywell, Dept. 203, Toronto 17, for free brochure.

Living Dining area Pleasantly warm for the family.

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All Doc's Patients had one thing in common

Regardless of their ailment the doctor's patients in the early 1900's all had one thing in common—the discomfort of sitting on hard, lumpy, overstuffed furniture.

Now, thanks to the research chemist and synthetic rubber latex, everyone can enjoy the luxury of comfortable upholstered furniture. The uniformity of foam rubber permits manufacturers to make restful furniture that holds its shape endlessly and retains its built-in resilience.

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